THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Putnam continues to issue weekly "The Great Rebellion." We have No. 7.

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"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

(LUTHER'S HYMN.) BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WE wait beneath the furnace blast,

The pangs of transformation:
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.

Hot burns the fire Where wrongs expire; Nor spares the hand That from the land Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared Its bloody rain is dropping;

The poison plant the fathers spared
All clse is overtopping
East, West, South, North,
It curses the earth:

It curses the earth:
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-fields blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?

What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men o' the South?
What whets the knife

What whets the knife
For the Union's life?—
Hark to the answer:—SLAVERY!

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen,
God lifts to-day the veil and shows

The features of the demon.

O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let Slavery die!"
And union find in freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit tear The nation in his going,

We who have shared the guilt must share The pang of his o'erthrowing!

What e'er the loss, What e'er the cross, Shall they complain Of present pain

Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on his right arm Was ever yet forsaken?

What righteous cause can suffer harm

If he its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood, Above the wild war-drumming,

Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good The evil overcoming.

The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay The Curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But, blest the ear
That yet shall hear

That yet shall hear The jubilant bell That rings the knell Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb, And hushed the breath of sighing; Before the joy of peace must come

The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

-Independent.

NAPOLEON AT THE ISLE OF ST. HELENA.

BONAPARTE'S returned from the wars of all fighting,

He has gone to a place which he'll never take delight in;

He may sit there and tell of the scenes that he has seen, oh,

With his heart so full of woe, on the Isle of Saint Helena.

Louisa she mourns for her husband who's departed,

She dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes broken-hearted;

Not a friend to console her, even though he might be with her,

But she mourn when she thinks of the Isle of Saint Helena.

No more in Saint Cloud shall he walk in such splendor,

Or go on in crowds like the great Sir Alexander, The young King of Rome and the Prince of Guiana,

Says he'll bring his father home from the Isle of Saint Helena.

MORIAL.

All ye who have wealth, pray beware of ambition,

Or some decree of Fate may soon change your condition.

Be ye steadfast and true, for what's to come ye can tell ne'er;

Perhaps ye may end your days on the Isle of Saint Helena.

The rude rushing waves all round the shore are washing,

The great billows heave against the wild rocks dashing,

He may look to the moon, of the great Mount Diana,

But his eyes are on the waves that surround Saint ! lena.

-Sand by a Texan to an Englishman.

From Blackwood's Magazine. THE BOOK-HUNTER.

FEW wiser things have ever been said than that remark of Byron, that "man is an unfortunate fellow, and ever will be." Perhaps the originality of the fundamental idea it expresses may be questioned, on the ground that the same warning has been enounced in far more solemn language, and from a far more august authority. But there is originality in the vulgar every-day-world way of putting the idea, and this makes it suit our present purpose, in which, having to do with a human frailty, we intend neither to be devout nor philosophical about it, but to treat it in a thoroughly worldly and practical tone, and in this temper to judge of its place among the defects and ills to which flesh is heir. It were better, perhaps, if we human creatures sometimes did this, and discussed our common frailties as each himself partaking of them, then mount, as we are so apt to do, into the clouds of theology or of ethics, according as our temperament and training are of the serious or of the intellectual order. True, there are many of our brethren violently ready to proclaim themselves frail mortals, miserable sinners, and no better, in theological phraseology, than the greatest of criminals. But such has been our own unfortunate experience in life, that whenever we find a man coming forward with these self-denunciations on his lips, we are prepared for an exhibition of intolerance, spiritual pride, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, towards some poor fellow-creature who has floundered a little out of the straight path, and, being all too conscious of his errors, is not prepared to proclaim them in those broad, emphatic terms which come so readily to the lips of the censors, who at heart believe themselves spotless,-just as complaints about poverty, and inability to buy this and that, come from the fat lips of the millionaire, when he shows you his gallery of pictures, his stud, and his forcing-frames.

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No; it is hard to choose between the The man who has no defect or crack in his character-no tinge of even the minor immoralities-no fantastic humor carrying him sometimes off his feet—no preposterous hobby-such a man, walking straight along the surface of this world in the arc of a circle, is a very dangerous character, no doubt; and have relinquished strife, and therefore

of such all children, dogs, simpletons, and other creatures that have the instinct of the odious in their nature, feel an innate loathing. And yet it is questionable if your perfectionized Sir Charles Grandison is quite so dangerous a character as your "miserable sinner," vociferously conscious that he is the frailest of the frail, and that he can do no good thing of himself. And indeed, in practice, we have known the external symptoms of these two characteristics so to alternate in one disposition, as to render it evident that each is but the same moral nature under a different external aspect-the mask, cowl, varnish, crust, or whatever you like to call it, having been adapted to the external conditions of the man-that is, to the society he mixes in, the set he belongs to, the habits of the age, and the way in which he pro-

poses to get on in life.

It is when the occasion arises for the mask being thrown aside, or when the internal passions burst like a volcano through the crust, that terrible events take place, and the world throbs with the excitement of some wonderful criminal trial: and here, as will happen both with talkers and writers, we are brought to the telling of a story we did not intend to tell, rather because it is good and little known than that it is the most apt parable that could be selected for the personation of our doctrine. It has often been observed that it is among the Society of Friends, who keep so tight a rein on the passions and propensities, that these make the most terrible work when they break loose. The present instance, however, belongs rather to the droll than to the terrible. The hero of it was the first Quaker of that Barclay family which produced the apologist and the pugilist. He was a colonel in the great civil wars, and had seen wild work in his day: but in his old age a change came over him, and, becoming a follower of George Fox, he retired to spend his old age on his ancestral estate in Kincardineshire. Here it came to pass that a brother laird thought the old Quaker could be easily done, and began to encroach upon his marches. Barclay, a strong man, with the iron sinews of his race, and their fierce spirit still burning in his eyes, strode up to the encroacher, and, with a grim smile, spoke thus: "Friend, thou knowest that I have become a man of peace thou art endeavoring to take what is not thine own, but mine, because thou believest that, having abjured the arm of the flesh, I cannot hinder thee. And yet, as thy friend, I advise thee to desist; for shouldst thou succeed in rousing the old Adam within me, perchance he may prove too strong, not only for me, but for thee." There was no use of an attempt to answer such an argument.

The object of this rambling preamble is to win from the reader a morsel of genial fellow feeling towards the human frailty which we are going to examine and lay bare before him, trusting that he will treat it neither with the haughty disdain of the immaculate, nor the grim charity of the "miserable sinner." It is a strong instance to cite, perhaps; and yet there is some soundness in the rather extreme tolerance of the old Aberdeen laird's wife, who, when her sister lairdesses were enriching the tea-table conversation with broad descriptions of the abominable vices of their several spouses, said her own "was just a gueed, weel-tempered, couthy, queat, innocent, daedlin, drucken body -wi' nae ill practices aboot him ava!"

What would our Social Progress, Band of Hope, and Philanthropic League philosophers say to a charity like this? And here, by the way, we are reminded how perilous a thing it is, in these days of enlightened thought and action, to draw attention to any kind of human frailty or folly, since the world is full of people who are prepared to deal with and cure it, provided only that they are to have their own way with the disease and the patient, and that they shall enjoy the simple privilege of locking him up. dieting him, and taking possession of his worldly goods and interests, as one who, by his irrational habits, or his outrages on the laws of physiology, or the fitness of things, or some other neology, has satisfactorily established his utter incapacity to take charge of his own affairs. No! This is not a cruel age; the rack, the wheel, the boot, the thumbikins, even the pillory and the stocks, have disappeared; death punishment is dwindling away, and if convicts have not their full rations of cooked meat, or get damaged coffee or sour milk, or are inadequately supplied with flannels and clean linen, there will be an outcry and an inquiry, and a Secretary of State will lose a percent-

after the administration of patronage. But, at the same time, the area of punishmentor of "treatment," as it is mildly termedbecomes alarmingly widened, and people require to look sharply into themselves lest they should be tainted with any little frailty or peculiarity which may transfer them from the class of free self-regulators to that of persons "under treatment." In Owen's parallelograms there were to be no prisons: he admitted no power in one man to inflict punishment upon another for merely submitting to the dictates of natural propensities which could not be resisted. But, at the same time, there were to be hospitals in which not only the physically diseased, but also the mentally and morally diseased, were to be detained until they were cured; and when we reflect that the laws of the parallelogram were very stringent and minute, and required to be absolutely enforced to the letter, otherwise the whole machinery of society would come to pieces, like a watch with a broken spring, it is clear that these hospitals would have contained a very large portion of the unrationalized population.

There is rather too much of this sort of Owenism now among us, and it is therefore with some little misgiving that we betray a brother's weakness, and lay bare the diagnosis of a peculiar and interesting human frailty. Indeed, the bad name that proverbially hangs the dog has already been given to it, for bibliomania is older in the technology of this kind of nosology than dipsomania, which is, we understand, now an almost established ground for seclusion, and deprivation of the management of one's own affairs. There is one ground of consolation, however, that, not being popular among the class of enlightened philanthropists, our exposition may pass unnoticed, and the harmless class on whose peculiar frailties we propose to devote a gentle and kindly exposition may yet be permitted to go at large.

age; the rack, the wheel, the boot, the thumbikins, even the pillory and the stocks, have disappeared; death punishment is dwindling away, and if convicts have not their full rations of cooked meat, or get damaged coffee or sour milk, or are inadequately supplied with flannels and clean linen, there will be an outery and an inquiry, and a Secretary of State will lose a percentage of his influence, and learn to look better

This is no doubt one of the milder and more of this class of unfortunates, that the first inoffensive type, but still a thoroughly con- act of duplicity is immediately followed by firmed and obstinate case. Its parallel to an access of the disorder, and a reckless the classes who are to be taken charge of by their wiser neighbors is only too close and awful; for have we not sometimes found the female members of his household, on occasion of some domestic emergency-or, it may be, for mere sake of keeping the lost man out of mischief-have we not found them searching for him on from bookstall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favorite taverns? Then, again, can we forget that occasion of his going to London to be examined by a committee of the House of Commons, when he suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, followed by a wagon containing three hundred and seventytwo copies of rare editions of the Bible? All were fish that came to his net. At one time you might find him securing a minnow for sixpence at a stall—and presently afterwards he outbids some princely collector, and secures with frantic impetuosity, "at any price," a great fish he has been patiently watching for year after year. His huntinggrounds were wide and distant, and there were mysterious rumors about the numbers of copies, all identically the same in edition and minor individualities, which he possessed of certain books. We have known him, indeed, when beaten at an auction, turn round resignedly and say, "Well, so be it-but I dare say I have ten or twelve copies at home, if I could lay hands on them."

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It is a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first duplicate. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon-the first pawning of the silver spoons, or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career when he could get at them; for there are

abandonment to its propensities. The archdeacon had long passed this stage ere he crossed our path, and had become thoroughly hardened. He was not remarkable for local attachment; and in moving from place to place, his spoil, packed in innumerable great boxes, sometimes followed him, to remain unreleased during the whole period of his tarrying in his new abode, so that they were removed to the next stage of his journey through life with modified inconvenience. Cruel as it may seem, we must yet notice another and a peculiar vagary of his malady. He had resolved, at least once in his life, to part with a considerable proportion of his collection-better to suffer the anguish of such an act than endure the fretting of continued restraint. There was a wondrous sale by auction accordingly; it was something like what may have occurred at the dissolution of the monasteries at the Reformation, or when the contents of some timehonored public library were realized at the time of the French Revolution. Before the affair was over, the archdeacon himself made his appearance in the midst of the miscellaneous self-invited guests who were making free with his treasures. He pretended, honest man, to be a mere casual spectator, who, having seen, in passing, the announcement of a sale by auction, stepped in like the rest of the public. By degrees he got excited, gasped once or twice as if mastering some desperate impulse, and at length fairly bade. He could not brazen out the effect of this escapade, however, and disappeared from the scene. It was remarked, however, that an unusual number of lots were afterwards knocked down to a military gentleman, who seemed to have left portentously large orders with the auctioneer. Some curious suspicions began to arise, which were settled by that presiding genius bending over his rostrum, and explaining in a confidential whisper that the military hero was in reality a pillar of the church so disguised.

The archdeacon lay under what, among the deluded victims of his malady, was deemed a heavy scandal. He was suspected of reading his own books-that is to say, those who may still remember his rather totally different fashion. He was far from shamefaced apparition of an evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone with which an old schoolfellow down in the world requests your assistance to help him to go to York to get an appointment—petitioning for the loan of a volume of which he could not deny that he possessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts of his vast col-This reputation of reading the books in his collection, which should be sacred to external inspection solely, is with the initiated a scandal, such as it would be among a hunting set to hint that a man had killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always the most entertaining, of Dibdin's Bibliomania, there is this short passage: "'I will frankly confess, rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an arrant bibliomaniac-that I love books dearly-that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal-' 'Hold, my friend,' again exclaimed Philemon: 'you have renounced your profession-you talk of reading books-do bibliomaniacs ever read books?""

Yes, our venerable friend read books-he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific purpose. His was a mind enriched with varied learning, which he gave forth with full, strong, easy flow, like an inexhaustible perennial spring coming from inner reservoirs, never dry, yet too capacious to exhibit the brawling, bubbling symptoms of repletion. It was from a majestic heedlessness of the busy world and its fame that he got the character of indolence, and was set down as one who would leave no lasting memorial of his great learning. But when he died, it was not altogether without leaving a sign; for from the casual droppings of his pen has been preserved enough to signify to many generations of students in the walk he chiefly affected how richly his mind was stored, and how much fresh matter there is in those fields of inquiry where compilers have left their dreary tracks for ardent students to cultivate into a rich harvest. In him truly the bibliomania may be counted among the many illustrations of the truth so often moralized on, that the highest natures are not exempt from human frailty in some shape or other.

Let us now summon the shade of another departed victim-Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq. He too, through a long life, had been a vig-

omnivorous. He had a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others, as was his own individuality from other men's. You could not classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a blackletter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a tawny-moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an editio princeps man; neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of an antiquarian, or a belles-lettres, or a classical collector. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name-it was the Fitzpatrick-Smart walk. In fact, it wound itself in infinite windings through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we may so speak, in which he took a personal interest. There were historical events, bits of family history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind, -efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through some intellectual law, his mind and memory loved to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he collected. If the book were the one desired by him, no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be. It was difficult, almost impossible, for others to predicate what would please this wayward sort of taste, and he was the torment of the bookcaterers, who were sure of a princely price for the right article, but might have the wrong one thrown in their teeth with contumely. It was a perilous, but, if successful, a gratifying, thing to present him with a book. If it happened to hit his fancy, he felt the full force of the compliment, and overwhelmed the giver with his courtly thanks. But it required great observation and tact to fit one for such an adventure, for the chances against an ordinary thoughtless gift-maker were thousands to one; and those who were acquainted with his strange nervous temperament, knew that the existence within his dwelling-place of any book not of his own special kind, would impart to him the sort of feeling of uneasy horror ilant and enthusiastic collector, but after a which a bee is said to feel when an earwig authors were among the chronic torments of his existence. While the complacent author was perhaps pluming himself on his liberality in making the judicious gift, the recipient was pouring out all his sarcasm, which was not feeble or slight, on the odious object, and wondering why an author could have entertained against him so steady and enduring a malice as to take the trouble of writing and printing all that rubbish with no better object than disturbing the peace of mind of an inoffensive old man. Every tribute from such dona ferentes cost him much uneasiness and some want of sleepfor what could he do with it? It was impossible to make merchandise of it, for he was every inch a gentleman. He could not burn it, for under an acrid exterior he had a kindly nature. It was believed, indeed, that he had established some limbo of his own, in which such unwelcome commodities were subject to a kind of burial or entombment, where they remained in existence, yet were decidedly outside the circle of his household gods.

These gods were a pantheon of a very extraordinary description, for he was a hunter after other things besides books. His acquisitions included pictures, and the various commodities which, for want of a distinctive name, auctioneers call "miscellaneous articles of vertu." He started on his accumulating career with some old family relics. and these, perhaps, gave the direction to his subsequent acquisitions, for they were all, like his books, brought together after some self-willed and peculiar law of association that pleased himself. A bad, even an inferior picture he would not have-for his taste was exquisite-unless, indeed, it had some strange history about it, adapting it to his wayward fancies, and then he would adopt the badness as a peculiar recommendation, and point it out with some pungent and appropriate remark to his friends. But though, with these peculiar exceptions, his works of art were faultless, no dealer could ever calculate on his buying a picture, however high a work of art or great a bargain. With his ever accumulating collection, in which tiny sculpture and brilliant color predominated, he kept a sort of fairy world things he preserved had some story linking gentleness of manner, which he had ac-

comes into its cell. Presentation copies by it with others, or with his peculiar fancies, and each one had its precise place in a sort of epos, as certainly as each of the persons in the confusion of the pantomime or a farce has his own position and functions.

After all, he was himself his own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been long a living memorial of these now antique habits. It happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. while the rest of the world was booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut, and the predominant garment was the surtout, blue in color, and of the original make before it came to be called a frock. Round his neck was wrapped an ante-Brummelite neckerchief (not a tie), which projected in many wreaths like a great poultice-and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he could himself have turned into admirable ridicule. One of the mysteries about him was, that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old. This characteristic could not even be accounted for by the supposition that he had laid in a sixty years' stock in his youth, for they always appeared to have been a good deal worn. The very umbrella was in keepingit was of green silk, an obsolete color ten years ago-and the handle was of a peculiar crozier-like formation in cast-horn, obviously not obtainable in the market. face was ruddy, but not with the ruddiness of youth; and, bearing on his head a Brutus wig of the light-brown hair which had long ago legitimately shaded his brow, when he stood still-except for his linen, which was snowy white-one might suppose that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and had been sprinkled with the frouzy mouldiness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things, in which a semblance to the freshness of living nature is vainly attempted to be preserved. So if he were motionless; but let him speak, and the internal freshness was still there, an ever-blooming garden of intellectual flowers. His antiquated costume was no longer grotesque - it harmonized around him. But all the mob of curious with an antiquated courtesy and high-bred seen the first company in his day, whether for rank or genius. And conversation and manner were far from exhausting his re-He had a wonderful pencil-it was potent for the beautiful, the terrible, and the ridiculous; but it took a wayward wilful course, like every thing else about He had a brilliant pen, too, when he chose to wield it, but the idea that he should exercise any of these his gifts in common display before the world, for any even of the higher motives that make people desire fame and praise, would have sickened him. His faculties were his own as much as his collection, and to be used according to his caprice and pleasure. So fluttered through existence one who, had it been his fate to have his own bread to make, might have been a great man. Alas for the end! Some curious annotations are all that remain of his literary powers - some drawings and etchings in private collections all of his artistic. His collection, with all its train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash while its mysterious reputation was fresh. dled in a great auction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. Sic transit gloria mundi.

Let us now call up a different, and a more commonplace type of the book-hunter -it shall be Inchrule Brewer. He is guiltless of all intermeddling with the contents of books, but in their external attributes his learning is marvellous. He derived his nickname from the practice of keeping, as his inseparable pocket-companion, one of those graduated folding measures of length which may often be seen protruding from the moleskin pocket of the joiner. He used it at auctions, and on other appropriate occasions, to measure the different elements of a book-the letterpress-the unprinted margin-the external expanse of the binding; for to the perfectly scientific collector all these things are very significant. They are, in fact, on record among the craft, like the pedigrees and physical characteristics recorded in stud-books and short-horned books. One so accomplished in this kind of analysis with his hands, and contemplated James'

quired from the best sources, since he had could tell at once, by this criterion, whether the treasure under the hammer was the same that had been knocked down before at the Roxburghe sale—the Gordonstown or the Heber, perhaps—or was veritably an impostor-or was in reality a new and previously unknown prize well worth contending for. The minuteness and precision of his knowledge excited wonder, and being anomalous among the male sex even among collectors, it was rumored that its possessor must veritably be an aged maiden in disguise.

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Among the elements which constitute the value of a book-rarity of course being equal—we should say he counted the binding highest. He was not alone in this view, for it would be difficult to give the uninitiated a conception of the importance attached to this mechanical department of book-making by the adepts. About a third part of Dibdin's Bibliographical Decameron is, if we recollect rightly, devoted to bindings. There are binders who have immortalized themselves-as Staggernier, Waltier, Payne, Padaloup, Hennings, De Rome, Fowkener, Lewis, Hayday, and Thomson. Their names may sometimes be found on their work, not with any particularities, as if they required to make themselves known, but with the simple brevity of illustrious men. Thus we take up a morocco-bound work of some eminence, on the title-page of which the author sets forth his full name and profession, with the distinctive initials of certain learned societies to which it is his pride to belong, but the simple and dignified enunciation deeply stamped in his own golden letters, "Bound by Hayday," is all that that accomplished artist deigns to tell.

And let us, after all, acknowledge that there are few men who are entirely above the influence of binding. No one likes sheep's clothing for his literature, even if he should not aspire to russia or morocco. Adam Smith, one of the least showy of men. confessed himself to be a beau in his books. Perhaps the majority of men of letters are so to some extent, though poets are apt to be ragamuffins. It was Thomson, we believe who used to cut the leaves with the snuffers. Perhaps an event in his early career may have soured him of the proprieties. It is said that he had an uncle, a clever active mechanic, who could do many things indolent, dreamy, feckless character with impatient disgust. When the first of The Seasons-"Winter" it was, we believehad been completed at press, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle's scepticism, and to propitiate his good opinion he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but, turning it round and round with his fingers in gratified admiration, exclaimed, "Come, is that really our Jamie's doin' now? weel, I never thought the cratur wad hae had the handicraft to do the like!"

The feeling by which this worthy man was influenced was a mere sensible practical respect for good workmanship. The aspirations of the collectors, however, in this matter, go out of the region of the sphere of the utilitarian into that of the æsthetic. Their priests and prophets, by the way, do not seem to be aware how far back this veneration for the coverings of books may be traced, or to know how strongly their votaries have been influenced in the direction of their taste by the traditions of the middle ages. The binding of a book was, of old, a shrine on which the finest workmanship in bullion and the costliest gems were lavished. The psalter or the breviary of some early saint, a portion of the Scriptures, or some other volume held sacred, would be thus enshrined. It has happened sometimes that tattered fragments of them have been preserved as effective relics within outer shells or shrines; and in some instances, long after the books themselves have disappeared, specimens of these old bindings have remained to us beautiful in their decay; but we are getting far beyond the Inchrule.

Your affluent omnivorous collector, who has more of that kind of business on hand than he can perform for himself, naturally brings about him a train of satellites, who make it their business to minister to his importunate cravings. With them the phraseology of the initiated degenerates into a hard business sort of slang. Whatever slight remnant of respect towards literature as the vehicle of knowledge may linger in the conversation of their employers, has never belonged to theirs. They are dealers who have just two things to look to-the price of their less perhaps, about their insides." wares, and the peculiar propensities of the

they are destitute of all sympathy with the malady which they feed. The caterer generally gets infected in a superficial cutaneous sort of way. He has often a collection himself, which he eyes complacently of an evening as he smokes his pipe over his brandy and water, but to which he is not so distractedly devoted but that a pecuniary consideration will tempt him to dismember it. It generally consists, indeed, of blunders or false speculation-books which have been obtained in a mistaken reliance on their suiting the craving of some wealthy collector. Caterers unable to comprehend the subtle influences at work in the mind of the bookhunter, often make miscalculations this way. Fitzpatrick Smart punished them so terribly that they at last abandoned him in despair to his own devices.

Several men of this class were under the authority of the Inchrule, and their communings were instructive. "Thorpe's catalogue just arrived, sir-several highly important announcements," says a portly person with a fat volume under his arm, hustling forward with an air of assured consequence. There is now to be a deep and solemn consultation, as when two ambassadors are going over a heavy protocol from a third. We happened to see one of these myrmidons returning from a bootless errand of inspection to a reputed collection; he was hot and indignant. "A collection," he sputtered forth-" that a collection !- mere rubbish, sir-irredeemable trash. What do you think, sir?—a set of the common quarto edition of the Delphini classics, copies of Newton's works and Bacon's works, Gibbon's Decline and Fall, and so forth-nothing better, I declare to you: and to call that a collection!" Whereas, had it contained The Pardoner and the Freer, Sir Clyman and Clamides, A Knack to know a Knave, or the works of those eminent dramatists, Nabbles, May, Clapthorne, Peapes, or Chettle, then would the collection have been worthy of distinguished notice. On another occasion, the conversation turning on a name of some repute, the remark is ventured, that he is "said to know something about books," which brings forth the fatal answer-" He know about books !-Nothing-nothing at all, I assure you; un-

All these are, after all, mild and comparunfortunates who employ them. Not that atively innocuous cases; and indeed such is has its nocuous and even dangerous types also. It is liable to be accompanied by an affection known also to the agricultural world as affecting the wheat crop, and called "the smut." Fortunately this is less prevalent among us than the French, who have a name for the class of books affected by this school of collectors in the bibliotheque bleue. There is a sad story connected with A great and highthis peculiar frailty. minded scholar of the seventeenth century had a savage trick played on him by some mad wags, who collected a quantity of the brutalities of which Latin literature affords an endless supply, and published them in his name. He is said not long to have survived this practical joke; and one does not wonder at his sinking before such a prospect, if he anticipated an age and a race of book-buyers among whom his great critical works are forgotten, and his name is known solely for the spurious volume, sacred to infamy, which may be found side by side with the works of the author of Trimalcion's Feast-" par nobile fratrum."

There is another failing without a leaning to virtue's side, to which some collectors have been, by reputation at least, addicted -a propensity to obtain articles without value given for them-a tendency to be larcenish. It is the culmination, indeed, of a sort of lax morality apt to grow out of the habits and traditions of the class. Your true collector-not the man who follows the occupation as a mere expensive taste, and does not cater for himself-considers himself a finder or discoverer rather than a purchaser. He is an industrious prowler in unlikely regions, and is entitled to some reward for his diligence and his skill. Moreover, it is the essence of that very skill to find value in those things which, in the eye of the ordinary possessor, are really worthless. From estimating them at little value, and paying little for them, the steps are rather too short to estimating them at nothing, and paying nothing for them. What matters it a few dirty black-letter leaves picked out of that volume of miscellaneous trash-leaves which the owner never knew he had, and cannot miss-which he would not know the value of, had you told him of them? What use of putting notions into the greedy barbarian's head, as if one were to find treasures for own superior knowledge and dexterity;-

the general tone of the malady, though it him? And the little pasquinade is so curious, and will fill a gap in that fine collection so nicely! The notions of the collector about such spoil are indeed the converse of those which Cassio professed to hold about his good name, for the scrap furtively removed is supposed in no way to impoverish the loser, while it makes the recipient rich indeed. Those habits of the prowler which may gradually lead a mind not strengthened by strong principle into this downward career, are hit with his usual vivacity and wonderful truth by Scott. The speaker is our delightful friend Oldenbuck of Monkbarns, the Antiquary, and it has just enough of confession in it to show a consciousness that the narrator has been over dangerous ground. and, if we did not see that the narrative is tinged with some exaggeration, has trodden a little beyond the limits of what is gentlemanly and just.

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" See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them a hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the Complete Syren, were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the Complaynt of Scotland I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who in gratitude bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, St. Mary's Wynd-wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling on a halfpenny, lest by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article! How have I trembled lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall as a rival amateur or prowling bookseller in disguise! And then Mr. Lovel—the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference while the hand is trembling with pleasure! Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by showing them such a treasure as this (displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer)-to enjoy their surprise and envy; shrouding, meanwhile, under a veil of mysterious consciousness, our these, my young friend—these are the white | books was definitively cut off from participamoments of life, that repay the toil and pains and sedulous attention which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands.

There is a nice, subtle meaning in the worthy man calling his weakness his "profession," but it is in complete keeping with the mellow Teniers-like tone of the whole picture. Ere we have done we shall endeavor to show that the grubber among book-stalls has, with other grubs or grubbers, his useful place in the general dispensation of the world. But his is a pursuit exposing him to moral perils, which call for peculiar efforts of self-restraint to save him from them; and the moral Scott holds forth-for a sound moral he always has-is, if you go as far as Jonathan Oldenbuck did,—and I don't advise you to go so far, but hint that you should stop earlier,-say to yourself, Thus far, and no farther

So much for a sort of clinical exposition of the larcenous propensities which accompany book-hunting. There is another peculiar, and, it may be said, vicious, propensity, exhibited occasionally in conjunction with the pursuit. It is entirely antagonistic in spirit to the tenth commandment, and consists in a desperate coveting of the neighbor's goods, and a satisfaction not so much in possessing for one's self, as in dispossessing him. This spirit is said to burn with still fiercer flame in the breasts of those whose pursuit would externally seem to be the most innocent in the world, and the least excitive of the bad passions; namely, among flower-fanciers. From some mysterious cause, it has been known to develop itself most flagrantly among tulip-collectors, insomuch that there are legends of Dutch devotees of this pursuit who have paid their thousands of dollars for a duplicate tuber, that they might have the satisfaction of crushing it under the heel. This line of practice is not entirely alien to the book-hunter. Dibdin warmed his convivial guests at comfortable fires, fed by the woodcuts which had been printed from in the impression of the Bibliographical Decameron. It was a quaint fancy, and deemed to be a pretty and appropriate form of hospitality, while it effect-

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tion in their privileges.

Let us, however, summon a more potent spirit of this order. He is a different being altogether from those gentle shades who have flitted past us already. He was known in the body by many hard names, such as the Vampire, the Dragon, etc. He was an Irish absentee, or, more accurately, a refugee, since he had made himself so odious on his ample estate that he could not live there. How on earth he should have set about collecting books, is one of the inscrutable mysteries which ever surround the diagnosis of this peculiar malady. Setting aside his using his books by reading them as out of the question, he yet was never known to indulge in that fondling and complacent examination of their exterior and general condition, which to Inchrule and others of his class, seemed to afford the highest gratification that, as sojourners through this vale of tears, it was their lot to enjoy. Nor did he luxuriate in the collective pride-like that of David when he numbered his people-of beholding how his volumes increased in multitude, and ranged with one another, like well-sized and properly dressed troops, along an ample area of book-shelves. His collection-if it deserved the name-was piled in great heaps in garrets, cellars, and warerooms like unsorted goods. They were accumulated, in fact, not so much that the owner might have them, as that other people might not. If there were a division of the order into the positive, or those who desire to make collections, and negative, or those who desire to prevent them being made, his case would properly belong to the latter. Imagine the consternation created in a small circle of collectors by a sudden alighting among them of a helluo librorum with such propensities, armed with illimitable means, enabling him to desolate the land like some fiery dragon! What became of the chaotic mass of literature he had brought together no one knew. It was supposed to be congenial to his nature to have made a great bonfire of it before he left the world; but a little consideration showed such a feat to be impossible, for books may be burnt in detail by extraneous assistance, but it is a curious fact that, comually assured the subscribers to his costly bustible as paper is supposed to be, books volumes that the vulgar world who buy cheap | wont burn. If you doubt this, pitch that forousing fire, and mark the result. In the days when heretical books were burned, it was necessary to place them on large wooden stages, and after all the pains taken to demolish them, considerable readable masses were sometimes found in the embers; whence it was supposed that the Devil conversant in fire and its effects, gave them his special protection. In the end it was found easier and cheaper to burn the heretics themselves than their books.

No-it is still probable that, stored away in some forgotten repositories, these miscellaneous relics still remain; and should they be brought forth, some excitement might be created; for, ignorant as the monster was, he had an instinct for knowing what other people wanted, and was thus enabled to snatch rare and curious volumes from the grasp of systematic collectors. It was his great glory to get hold of a unique book and shut it up. There were known to be just two copies of a spare quarto, called Rout upon Rout, or the Rabblers Rabbled, by Felix Nixon, Gent. He possessed one copy; the other, by indomitable perseverance, he also got hold of, and then his heart was glad within him; and he felt it glow with well-merited pride when an accomplished scholar, desiring to complete an epoch in literary history on which that book threw some light, besought the owner to allow him a sight of it, were it but for a few minutes, and the request was refused. "I might as well ask him," said the animal, who was rather proud of his firmness than ashamed of his churlishness, "to make me a present of his brains and reputation."

It was among his pleasant ways to attend book-sales, there to watch the biddings of persons on whose judgment he relied, and cut in as the contest was becoming critical. This practice soon betrayed to those he had so provoked the chinks in the monster's armor. He was assailable and punishable at last, then, this potent monster-but the attack must be made warily and cautiously. Accordingly, impartial bystanders, ignorant of the plot, began to observe that he was degenerating by degrees in the rank of his purchases, and at last becoming utterly reckless, buying, at the prices of the sublimest rarities, common works of ordinary litera-

lio Swammerdam or Puffendorf into a good was the result of judiciously drawing him on, by biddings for valueless books, on the part of those whom he had outbid in the objects of their desire. Auctioneers were surprised at the gradual change coming over the book-market, and a few fortunate people obtained considerable prices for articles they were told to expect nothing for. But this farce, of course, did not last long; and whether or not he found out that he had been beaten at his own weapons, the devouring monster disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

Such reminiscences bring vividly before the eye the scenes in which they took place long, long ago. If any one in his early youth has experienced some slight symptoms of the malady we are discussing, which his constitution, through a tough struggle with the world, and a busy training in after life, has been enabled to throw off, he will yet look back with fond associations to the scenes of his dangerous indulgence. The auction-room is often the centre of fatal attraction towards it, just as the billiard-room and the rouge-et-noir table are to excesses of another kind. There is that august tribunal, over which at one time reigned Scott's genial friend Ballantyne, succeeded by the sententious Tait and the great Nisbet. More congenial, however, in our recollection, is the more remote and dingy hall where rough Carfrae, like Thor, flourished his thundering hammer. There it was that first we marked, with a sort of sympathetic awe, the strange and varied influence of their peculiar maladies on the book-hunters of the last generation. There it was that we first handled those pretty little pets, the Elzevir classics, a sort of literary bantams, which are still dear to memory, and awaken old associations by their dwarfish ribbed backs like those of ponderous folios, and their exquisite, but now, alas! too minute The eyesight that could formerly type. peruse them with ease has suffered decay, but they remain unchanged; and in this they are unlike to many other objects of early interest. Children, flowers, animals, scenery even, all have undergone mutation, but no perceptible shade of change has passed over these little reminders of old times. There it was that we first could comprehend how a tattered dirty fragment ture to be found in every book-shop. Such of a book once common might be worth a deal more than its weight in gold. There | ing on the hearth-stone; on the contrary, it was too, that, seduced by our bad exam- it flared with many lights-a thronged ginple, the present respected pastor of Ards- palace. When we heard the sounds that isnishen purchased that beautiful Greek New Testament, by Jansen of Amsterdam, which he loved so, in the freshness of its acquisition, that he took it with him to church, and, turning up the text, handed it to a venerable woman beside him, after the fashion of an absorbed and absent student who was apt to forget whether he were reading Greek or English. The presiding genius of the place, with his strange accent, odd sayings, and angular motions, accompanied by goodnatured grunts of grotesque wrath, became a sort of household figure. The dorsal breadth of pronunciation with which he would expose "Mr. Ivory's Erskine," used to produce a titter which he was always at a loss to understand. Though not the fashionable resort, where all the thorough libraries in perfect condition went to be hammered off, and though it was a place where very miscellaneous collections were sold, and therefore bargains might be expected by those who knew what they were about, yet sometimes extraordinary and valuable collections of rare books came under his hammer, and created an access of more than ordinary excitement among the denizens of the place. On one of these occasions a succession of valuable fragments of early English poetry brought prices so high, and far beyond those of ordinary expensive books in the finest condition, that it seemed as if their imperfections were their merit; and the auctioneer, momentarily carried off with this feeling, when the high prices began to sink a little, remonstrated thus, "Going so low as thirty shillings, gentlemen,-this curious book-so low as thirty shillingsand quite imperfect!"

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Those who frequented this howf, being generally elderly men, have now nearly all departed. The thunderer's hammer, too, has long been silenced by the great quieter. One living memorial still exists of that scene -the genial and then youthful assistant, whose partiality for letters and literary pursuits made him often monitor and kindly guide of the raw student, and who now, in a higher field, exercises a more important in-

sued from the old familiar spot, it occurred to us that, after all, there are worse pursuits in the world than book-hunting.

Perhaps, by the way, it would be a good practical distinction in the class of persons we are dealing with, to divide them into private prowlers and auction-hunters. There are many other modes of classifying them, but none so general. They might be classified by the different sizes of books they affect-as folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos-but this would be neither an expressive nor a dignified classification. In enumerating the various orders to which Fitzpatrick Smart did not belong, we have mentioned many of the species, but a great many more might be added. Some collectors lay themselves out for vellum-printed volumes almost solely. There are such not only among very old books, but among very new; for of a certain class of modern books it frequently happens that a copy or two is printed on vellum, to catch the class whose weakness takes that direction.

It may be cited as a signal instance of the freaks of book-collecting, that of all men in the world, Davoust, the rough soldier, who by his cool courage rose from the position of sergeant to be Prince of Eckmuhl, had a vellum library-but so it was. It was sold in London for about £1,400. "The crown octavos," says Dibdin, "especially of ancient classics, and a few favorite English authors, brought from four to six guineas. The first virtually solid article of any importance, or rather of the greatest importance, in the whole collection, was the matchless Didot Horace of 1799, folio, containing the original drawings, from which the exquisite copperplate vignettes were executed. This was purchased by the gallant Mr. George Hibbers for £140. Nor was it in any respect an extravagant or even dear purchase."

Some collectors may be styled Rubricists, being influenced by a sacred rage for books having the contents and marginal references printed in red ink. Some go at flowered capitals, others at broad margins. have all a certain amount of magnificence fluence on the destinies of literature. We in their tastes; but there are others again passed the spot the other day—it was not whose priceless collections are like the stockdesolate and forsaken, with the moss grow- in-trade of a wholesale ballad-singer, consisting of chap-books, as they are termedthe articles dealt in by pedlers and semimendicants for the past century or two. Some affect collections relating to the drama, and lay great store by heaps of play-bills arranged in volumes, and bound, perhaps, in costly russia. Of a more dignified grade are perhaps those who have lent themselves to the collection of the theses on which aspirants after university honors held their disputations or impugnments. Sometimes out of a great mass of rubbish of this kind the youthful production of some man who has afterwards become great turns up. Of these theses and similar tracts a German, Count Dietrich, collected some hundred and forty thousand, which are now in this country.

Collectors there have been, not unimportant for number and zeal, whose mission it is to purchase books marked by peculiar mistakes or errors of the press. Several editions of the Scriptures are valuable for blunders which do not contribute to edification in the perusal; and many a witticism has been launched at the test which distinguishes the genuine Elzevir edition of Casar from the spurious imitations of it; viz., an error in the paging. A collection of errors of the press, old and new, would be a volume full of ludicrous coincidences; for, generally, a resemblance in sound, carrying with it a ludicrous incongruity of meaning, has been the cause of the slips. There have been cruel instances of printers' blunders in our own days, like the fate of the youthful poetess in the Fudge family :-

"When I talked of the dewdrops on the freshly blown roses,

The nasty things printed it - freshly blown noses."

A solid scholar there was, who, had he been called to his account at a certain advanced period of his career, might have challenged all the world to say that he had ever used a false quantity or committed an anomaly in syntax, or misspelt a foreign name, or blundered in a quotation from a Greek or Latin classic-to misquote an English author is a far lighter crime, but even to this he could have pleaded not guilty. He never made a mistake in a date, nor left out a word in copying the title-page of a volume; nor did he ever, in affording an intelligent analysis

erary virtues, too, his sentences were all carefully balanced in a pair of logical and rhetorical scales of the most sensitive kind; and he never perpetrated the atrocity of ending a sentence with a monosyllable, or using the same word twice within the same five lines, choosing always some judicious method of circumlocution to obviate reiteration. Poor man! in the pride of his unspotted purity, he little knew what a humiliation fate had prepared for him. It happened to him to have to state how Theodore Beza, or some contemporary of his, went to sea in a Candian vessel. This statement, at the last moment, when the sheet was going through the press, caught the eye of an intelligent and judicious corrector, more conversant with shipping-lists than with the literature of the sixteenth century, who saw clearly what had been meant, and took upon himself, like a man who hated all pottering nonsense, to make the necessary correction without consulting the author. The consequence was, that people read with some surprise, under the authority of the paragon of accuracy, that Theodore Beza had gone to sea in a Canadian vessel. The victim of this calamity had undergone minor literary trials, which he had borne with philosophical equanimity; as, for instance, when inconsiderate people, destitute of the organ of veneration, thoughtlessly asked him about the last new popular work, as if it were something that he had read or even heard of, and even went so far in their contumelious disrespect as to speak to him about the productions of a certain Charles Dickens. The "Canadian vessel," however, was a more serious disaster, and was treated accordingly. A charitable friend broke his calamity to the author at a judicious moment, to prevent him from discovering it himself at an unsuitable time, with results the full extent of which no one could foresee. It was an affair of much anxiety among his friends, who made frequent inquiries as to how he bore himself in his affliction, and what continued to be the condition of his health, and especially of his spirits. And although he was a confirmed book-hunter, and not unconscious of the merits of the peculiar class of books now under consideration, it may be feared that it was no consolation to him to reflect that, of its contents, mistake the number of pages some century or so hence, his books and devoted to one head. As to the higher lit- himself would be known only by the curious b

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blunder which made one of them worth the ute paid to the absorbing interests of the notice of the book-fanciers.

An odd accident occurred to a book lately published, called The Men of the Times. It sometimes happens in a printing-office that some of the types, perhaps a printed line or two, fall out of the forme. Those in whose hands the accident happens, generally try to put things to rights as well as they can, and may be very successful in restoring appearances with the most deplorable results to the sense. It happened thus in the instance we refer to. A few lines dropping out of the "Life of Robert Owen," the parallelogram Communist, were hustled, as the nearest place of refuge, into the biography of his closest alphabetical neighbor - "Oxford, Bishop of." The consequence is, that the article begins as follows:-

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"OXFORD, THE RIGHT REVEREND SAM-UEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF, was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic, as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements.'

Whenever this blunder was discovered, the leaf was cancelled; but a few copies of the book had got into circulation, which some day or other may be valuable.

So much for the specimens of books with blunders in them, as attracting after them a special class of collectors. We return to our old opinion, that these incidental divisions are too numerous and complex for a proper classification of book-hunters, and that their most effective and comprehensive division is into the private prowler and the auction-The difference between them is something like, in the sporting world, that between the stalker and the hunter proper. Each function has its merits, and calls for its special qualities and sacrifices. The one demands placidity, patience, plausibility, and unwearied industry—such attributes as those which have been already set forth in the words of the Antiquary. The auction-room, on the other hand, calls forth courage, promptness, and the spirit of adventure. There is wild work sometimes there, and men find themselves carried off by enthusiasm and competition towards pecuniary sacrifices which at the threshold of the auctionroom they had solemnly vowed to themselves

pursuit, and are looked upon in their own peculiar circle as tending to the immortal honor of those who made them. This field of prowess has, it is said, undergone a prejudicial change in these days, the biddings being nearly altogether by dealers, and gentlemen-collectors gradually moving out of the field. In old days one might have reaped for himself, by bold and emphatic biddings at a few auctions, a niche in that temple of fame, of which the presiding deity is Dr. Frognal Dibdin; a name familiarly abbreviated in that of Foggy Dibdin. His descriptions of auction contests are perhaps the best and most readable portions of his tremendously overdone books. Conspicuous beyond all other stands forth the sale of the Roxburghe library, perhaps the most eminent contest of that kind on record. There were of it some ten thousand separate "lots," as auctioneers call them, and almost every one of them was a book of rank and mark in the eyes of the collecting community, and had been, with special pains and care and anxious exertion, drawn into the vortex of that collection. Although it was created by a duke, yet it has been rumored that most of the books were bargains, and that the noble collector drew largely on the spirit of patient perseverance and enlightened sagacity for which Monkbarns claims credit. The great passion and pursuit of his life having been of so peculiar a character-he was almost as zealous a hunter of deer and wild swans, by the way, as of books, but this was not considered in the least peculiar-it was necessary to find some strange influencing motive for his conduct; so it has been said that it arose from his having been crossed in love in his early youth. Such crosses, in general, arise from the beloved one dying, or proving faithless and becoming the wife of another. It was, however, the peculiarity of the duke's misfortune, that it arose out of the illustrious marriage of the sister of his adopted. She was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Though purchased by a sacrifice of regal rank, yet there would be many countervailing advantages in the position of an affluent British duchess which might reconcile a young lady. even of so illustrious a descent, to the sacrifice, had it not happened that Lord Bute to eschew. But such sacrifices are the trib- and the Princess of Wales selected her younger sister to be the wife of George III. as the good Queen Charlotte.

Then there arose, it seems, the necessity, as a matter of state and political etiquette, that the elder sister should abandon the al--liance with a British subject. So, at all events, goes the story of the origin of the duke's bibliomania; and it is supposed to have been in the thoughts of Sir Walter Scott, when he said of him that "youthful misfortunes, of a kind against which neither wealth nor rank possess a talisman, cast an early shade of gloom over his prospects, and gave to one splendidly endowed with the means of enjoying society that degree of reserved melancholy which prefers retirement to the splendid scenes of gayety." Dibdin, with more specific precision, after rambling over the house where the great auction sale occurred, as inquisitive people are apt to do, tells us of the solitary room occupied by the duke, close to his library, in which he slept and died: "all his migrations," says the bibliographer, "were confined to these two rooms. When Mr. Nichol showed me the very bed on which this bibliomaniacal duke had expired, I felt-as I trust I ought to have felt on the occasion." Scott attributed to an incidental occurrence at his father's table the direction given to the great pursuit of his life. "Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland, both famous collectors of the time, dined one day with the second Duke of Roxburghe, when their conversation happened to turn upon the Editio Princeps of Boccaccio, printed in Venice in 1474, and so rare that its very existence was doubted of." It so happened that the duke remembered this volume having been offered to him for £100, and he believed he could still trace and secure it: he did so, and laid it before his admiring friends at a subsequent sitting. "His son, then Marquess of Beaumont, never forgot the little scene upon this occasion, and used to ascribe to it the strong passion which he ever afterwards felt for rare books and editions, and which rendered him one of the most assiduous and judicious collectors that ever formed a sumptuous library." this same Boccaccio was the point of attack which formed the climax in the great contest of the Roxburghe roup, as the duke's fellow-countrymen called it.

The historian of the contest terms it "the and the queen of Great Britain, long known Waterloo among book-battles," whereto "many a knight came far and wide from his retirement, and many an unfledged combatant left his father's castle to partake of the glory of such a contest." He also tells us that the honor of the first effective shot was due to a house in the trade-Messrs. Payne and Foss-by whom "the Aldine Greek Bible was killed off the first in the contest. It produced the sum of £4, 14s. 6d. Thus measuredly, and guardedly, and even fearfully, did this tremendous battle begin." The earliest brilliant affair seems to have come off when Lord Spencer bought two Caxtons for £245, a feat of which the closing scene is recorded, with a touching simplicity, in these terms: "His lordship put each volume under his coat, and walked home with them in all the flush of victory and consciousness of triumph." As every one does not possess a copy of the three costly volumes of which the Bibliographical Decameron consists; and further, as many a one so fortunate as to possess them has not had patience and perseverance enough to penetrate to the middle of the third volume, where the most readable part is to be found, let us here give a characteristic extract describing the heat of the contest:-

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"For two and forty successive days-with the exception only of Sundays-were the voice and hammer of Mr. Evans heard with equal efficacy in the dining-room of the late duke, which had been appropriated to the vendition of the books; and within that same space (some thirty-five feet by twenty) were such deeds of valor performed, and such feats of book-heroism achieved, as had never been previously beheld, and of which the like will probably never be seen again. The shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished stunned and appalled you as you entered. The striving and press, both of idle spectators and determined bidders, was unprecedented. sprinkling of Caxtons and De Wordes marked the first day, and these were obtained at high, but, comparatively with the subsequent sums given, moderate, prices. Theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and philology chiefly marked the earlier days of this tremendous contest; and occasionally during these days there was much stirring up of courage, and many hard and heavy blows were interchanged; and the combatants may be said to have completely wallowed themselves in the conflict.

length came poetry, Latin, Italian, and stopped-every sword was put home within French: a steady fight yet continued to be fought; victory seemed to hang in doubtful scales—sometimes on the one, sometimes on the other side of Mr. Evans, who preserved throughout (as it was his bounden duty to preserve) a uniform, impartial, and steady course; and who may be said on that occasion, if not 'to have rode the whirlwind,' at least to have 'directed the storm.' "

But the dignity and power of the historian's narrative cannot be fully appreciated until we find him in the midst of the climax of the contest-the battle which gradually merged into a single combat-for the possession of the Venetian Boccaccio. cording to the established historical practice, we have in the first place a statement of the position taken up by the respective " forces."

"At length the moment of sale arrived. Evans prefaced the putting-up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated on its extreme rarity, and concluding by informing the company of the regret, and even anguish of heart, expressed by Mr. Van Praet that such a treasure was not to be found in the imperial collection at Paris. Silence followed the address of Mr. On his right hand, leaning against Evans. the wall, stood Earl Spencer; a little lower down, and standing at right angles with his lordship, appeared the Marquess of Blandford. Lord Althorp stood a little backward, to the right of his father, Earl Spencer."

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The first movement of the forces gives the historian an opportunity of dropping a withering sneer at an unfortunate man, so provincial in his notions as to suppose that a hundred pounds or two would be of any avail in such a contest.

"The honor of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Scropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made. 'One hundred guineas,' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths. A thousand guineas were bid by Earl Spencer—to which the marquess added ten. You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned — all breathing wellnigh

its scabbard-and not a piece of steel was seen to move or to glitter except that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand."

But even this exciting sort of narrative will tire one when it goes on page after page, so that we must take a leap to the "Two thousand two hundred conclusion. and fifty pounds," said Lord Spencer. The spectators were now absolutely electrified. The marquess quietly adds his usual "ten," and so there an end. "Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a short pause-and indeed, as if by something preternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended in the mid-air. However, at last down dropped the hammer."

Such a result naturally created excitement beyond the book-collectors' circle, for here was an actual stroke of trade in which a profit of more than two thousand per cent had been netted. It is easy to believe in Dibdin's statement of the crowds of people who imagined they were possessors of the identical Venetian Boccaccio, and the still larger number who wanted to do a stroke of business with some old volume, endowed with the same rarity and the same or greater intrinsic value. The general excitement created by the dispersal of the Roxburghe collection, proved an epoch in literary history, by the establishment of the Roxburghe Club, followed by a series of others, which, along with it, have contributed to literature a class of books deserving of separate attention and examination. The Roxburghe began in some festive meetings, in which the minor competitors at the sale seem to have assembled to fight all their battles over again with the decanters before them. We are told that, after duly commemorating their great duke, their next toast was "The immortal memory of Christopher-Valdarfer, of Sweynheim and Pannartz, Fust and Schoeffhir." These toasts must have had a peculiar fascination for Dibdin, for it happens oddly enough to be within our knowledge, that with a glass of the potent vin du pays of the Highlands in his hand, he uttered them on the top of Benlomond, requiring his guide forthwith to do them honor. Celt cordially quaffed to the proper names, deeming them to be those of respected landed gentry, though not of his own neigh-

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE.

in it.

Of the great book-sales that have been commemorated, it is curious to observe how seldom they embrace ancestral libraries accumulated in old houses from generation to generation, and how generally they mark the short-lived duration of the accumulations of some collector freshly deposited. remarkable exception to this there was in the Gordonstoun library, sold in 1816. It was begun by Sir Robert Gordon, a Morayshire laird of the time of the great civil wars of the seventeenth century. He was the author of the History of the Earldom of Sutherland, and a man of great political as well as literary account. He laid by heaps of the pamphlets, placards, and other documents of his stormy period, and thus many a valuable morsel, which had otherwise disappeared from the world, left a representative in the Gordonstoun collection. It was increased by a later Sir Robert, who had the reputation of being a wizard. He belonged to one of those terrible clubs from which Satan is entitled to take a victim annually; but when Gordon's turn came, he managed to get off with merely the loss of his shadow; and many a Morayshire peasant has testified to having seen him riding forth on a sunny day, the shadow of his horse visible, with those of his spurs and his whip, but his body offering no impediment to the rays of the sun. He enriched the library with books on necromancy, demonology, and alchemy.

The greatest book-sale probably that ever was in the world, was that of Heber's collection in 1834. There are often rash estimates made of the size of the libraries, but those who have stated the number of his books in six figures, seem justified when one looks at the catalogue of the sale, bound up in five thick octavo volumes. For results so magnificent, Richard Heber's library had but a small beginning, according to the memoir of him in the Gentleman's Magazine, where it is said, that "having one day accidentally met with a little volume, called The Vallie of Varietie, by Henry Peacham, he took it to the late Mr. Bindlay of the stamp-office, the celebrated collector, and asked him if this was not a curious book. Mr. Bindlay,

borhood; but no temptation would induce very-but rather a curious book." This him to pledge to the other toast, which he faint morsel of encouragement was, it seems, suspected to have some savor of diablerie sufficient to start him in his terrible career, and the trifle becomes important as a solemn illustration of the obsta principiis. labors, and even his perils, were on a par with those of any veteran commander who has led armies and fought battles during the greater part of a long life. He would set off on a journey of several hundred miles any day in search of a book not in his collection. Sucking in from all around him whatever books were afloat, he of course soon exhausted the ordinary market; and to find a book obtainable which he did not already possess, was an event to be looked to with the keenest anxiety, and a chance to be seized with promptitude, courage, and decision. At last, however, he could not supply the cravings of his appetite without recourse to duplicates, and far more than duplicates. His friend Dibden said of him, "He has now and then an ungovernable passion to possess more copies of a book than there were ever parties to a deed or stamina to a plant; and therefore I cannot call him a duplicate or a triplicate collector." He satisfied his own conscience by adopting a creed, which he enounced thus: "Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without three copies of a book. One he must have for his show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country-house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends."

This last necessity is the key-note to Heber's popularity: he was a liberal and kindly man, and though, like Wolsey, he was unsatisfied in getting, yet, like him, in bestowing, he was most princely. scholars and authors obtained the raw material for their labors from his transcendent stores. These, indeed, might be said less to be personal to himself than to be a feature in the literary geography of Europe. "Some years ago," says the writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, "he built a new library at his house at Hodnet, which is said to be full. His residence at Pimlico, where he died, is filled, like Magliabechi's at Florafter looking at it, answered, "Yes-not ence, with books from the top to the bottom

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-every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York Street, leading to Great James' Street, Westminster, laden from the ground-floor to the garret with curious books. He had a library in the High Street, Oxford, an immense library at Paris, another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries and in Germany."

But it is time to have done, at least for the present. It has been our function in the preceding pages to expound the nature, illustrated by examples, of a curious human frailty; and it appears to us, on a general retrospect, that we have performed the duty without favor or compunction. And yet we would fain hope that our exposition may occasion more of general sympathy than of scorn or antipathy. To this end we would request each reader to lay his hand upon his heart, and ask himself whether there lurketh not somewhere in his nature a mefallen race of men, which perchance to a seleast in its milder forms—some enthusiasm, welfare of mankind.

fancy, weakness, hobby, or by whatever gentler name you call it, excluding the word vice, or any term that infers such a thing; and if it be not so, may not the absence be accounted for by a moral ossification of the heart, which might be, beneficially for all parties, exchanged for some gentle failing. So let us be charitable and sympathetic with each other, rather looking for the soul of goodness that is in things evil, than measuring all the world by the criterion of our own virtues, and denouncing all who do not possess them exactly of the like quantity and quality-neither more nor less. This frame of mind will be a due preparation for estimating a scheme we have in view, of showing that the book-hunter is not altogether a noxious animal on the face of the earth, but, like other hunters, has his useful function in the great scheme of Providence. Thus may we be taught to apply to his case, after the modern system of treating other mental alienations and hallucinations, that mento of his appertaining to the frail and lenient treatment which, by developing the gentler forms of the malady, may divest it vere censor might be not less reprehensible of its mischievous characteristics, and turn than the weakness of the book-hunter, at it even to good account in promoting the

The Prevention of Spinal Deformities, especially | walk with Archbishop Leighton; and the poem of Lateral Curvatures. By Mathew Roth, M.D. Groombridge and Sons.

Dr. Roth explains how spinal curvatures are artificially produced by a multitude of bad practices which prevail in schools and workrooms, and sets forth what he believes to be the only rational mode of preventing and curing these deformities. He relies almost exclusively on hygienic means and on the system of medical gymnastics invented by the celebrated Swedish physician, Dr. Ling .- Spectator.

The Bishop's Walk and the Bishop's Times. By Orwell. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and

"THE Bishop's Walk" is the name of a shady avenue at the west end of Dunblade Cathedral, which is said to have been a favorite ing .- Spectator.

which bears the same name is an attempt to embody the author's conception of the character of that prelate. To it are appended a small number of minor poems, illustrative of the times in which the archbishop lived. The Bishop's Walk is musical and pleasant; but the Bishop's Times have decidedly the advantage both in vigor and pathos.

The Scripture Law of Marriage, with reference to the Prohibited Degrees. By John Macrae, Minister of Hawick. Edinburgh: Macphail.

A DETAILED statement, very temperately written, of the scriptural arguments against the proposed extension of the law of marriage. It may be doubted whether Mr. Macrae will succeed in convincing any of his opponents; but his pamphlet certainly deserves to be welcomed by all those who are already of his way of thinkFrom The New York Evening Post.
THE UPRISING OF A GREAT NATION.

Amid the silly and discordant opinions on American affairs expressed by foreign writers there is one discussion of them that is remarkable for its intelligence, its insight, its logic, and its nobleness of purpose. It is not a work which, like some of the London newspapers, asks "Why does not the United States allow itself to be torn to pieces limb from limb;" nor yet, like other writers that we have read, deplores the existing troubles with a kind of feminine and lachrymose whine; but a work which enters upon its subject with a thorough understanding of it, with natural acumen, with vigorous logic, and with a generous and honorable sympathy.

We are speaking of Count Agenor De Gasparin's recent work upon the Crisis of the United States in 1861. Its name will be familiar to many who have read our foreign news items and correspondence during the past few weeks, as associated with the highest terms of commendation for those excellencies which we have just accorded to it—
"Un Grand Peuple qui se relève."

The adequate translation of this title is hardly possible without periphrasis. "A great People which is lifting itself up" would be literal, but the words include every idea of reform, renovation, resurrection, and revival. We cannot more fully defend the significance of the title than by permitting M. Gasparin to speak for himself in the argument which prefaces his work:—

"The title of this sketch will have the effect of a paradox. It is the general opinion that the United States never ceased to be on the ascending grade until the election of Mr. Lincoln—that they have been descending since that day. It is not a difficult task, and it is certainly a most necessary one, to prove that opinion absolutely false. Prior to the recent triumph of the adversaries of slavery, the American confederation, in spite of its external progress and its apparent prosperity, suffered from a formidable malady which bade fair to become mortal. Now, an operation has been performed, the pains have been aggravated, and for the first time, perhaps, the seriousness of the patient's situation has revealed itself to unattentive lookers-on. Shall we assert that this situation was not serious during the time that it did not appear

"I do not deplore it; I glory in it. In this energetic reaction against the evil, I recognize the moral vigor of a people bred to the laborious conflicts of liberty. The regeneration (relèvement) of a people is one of the rarest, the most marvellous prodigies which the annals of humanity can present. Ordinarily, nations which begin to totter, totter more and more until the end; rare must be the energy of that life which can recover itself and check the progress of inchoate downfall.

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"After a strange fashion do we second that generous enterprise on which the United States have entered with so much fortitude. We prophesy them nothing but misfortune; almost we declare to them that they have ceased to be; we give them to know that in Mr. Lincoln's election they have renounced their greatness, precipitated themselves headlong into an abyss, ruined their prosperity, sacrificed their future, and rendered henceforth impossible that magnificent career which had been reserved for them. Mr. Buchanan, we seem to tell them, is the last President of the Union.

"Thank God! this is a lie. But lately the United States were marching to destruction; but lately, in thinking of them we had cause enough for lamentation. We could count those few remaining steps which must be accomplished by them for the union of their destiny with that of an institution righteously accursed and doomed to perish an institution which touches only to defile and to destroy. To-day a new perspective opens on us: there will be fighting to do, work and suffering; the crime of a century is not to be expiated in a day. Not without effort can men return to the right way so long ago abandoned, not without sacrifice can they burst the fetters of base tradition and ancient complicity; but it is none the less true that the hour of effort and of sacrifice, however painful, is the very hour of deliverance. The election of Mr. Lincoln will be one of the great dates of American history; it closes the past, but it opens the future. For, granting that the present spirit be kept alive, and that extravagant compromise (concessions) shall not succeed in undoing that which is done, it inaugurates a new era, both purer and grander than the one which it has just concluded.

bade fair to become mortal. Now, an operation has been performed, the pains have been aggravated, and for the first time, perhaps, the seriousness of the patient's situation has revealed itself to unattentive lookers-on. Shall we assert that this situation was not serious during the time that it did not appear so? Shall we call that crisis deplorable which alone is capable of bringing a cure?

leges, and I believe that I am judging the United States from none the less advantageous point of observation because they inspire me with a serious sympathy, because after having groaned over their errors and trembled for their perils I now joyfully salute that noble and virile course of policy whose symptom is the election of Mr. Lincoln. Is it not true that at the first news of it we all seemed to be breathing a puff of pure, free air, wafted to us from across the ocean?

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"In a time like our own it is delightful to feel that certain principles are living still; that, cost what it may, they are making themselves obeyed; that even yet questions of conscience may now and then outweigh questions of profit. I have always thought that the principal conquest of the nineteenth century would be the abolition of slavery; that this would be its recommendation in the eyes of posterity, its atonement for its many weaknesses. As for us, old soldiers of emancipation, who, at the tribunal and elsewhere, have fought under its banner the last twenty years or more, it will without doubt be permitted us to see in the triumph of our American friends something widely different from a subject for lamentation."

Not only because it is the keynote of the book and logically necessary, but because there is something in it which goes home to the heart have we given M. Gasparin's introduction entire. There is something especially refreshing to American spirits, in this hour of our struggle for national existence, something bracing and emboldening in the sound of this Old World voice in generously calling to the New World, "I love you!" It is the rebound of that "puff of pure free air" which, in November last, was wafted to M. Gasparin "across the ocean." Truly this invigorating breeze blows from an unexpected quarter. should have looked for it a little further to the North and West. Since the peace of 1814, America has gradually been growing to regard England as the source of all her favoring winds and gales of benediction. Once, to be sure, the atmosphere looked squally in that direction when an eastern boundary was to be settled; once again, during our little difference upon the subject of the north-western-but General Scott brought back blue sky in the first instance, and an Ashburton in the second.

In the main, we have passed the time since that war by which our right to a commerce was vindicated, in pleasant little inhead, who was a less agreeable guest at inhead, who was a less agreeable gue

ternational dinners, where "a common origin and language" was the favorite topic that followed the removal of the tablecloth; in the interchange of diplomatic courtesies, in congratulations upon the identity of our national interests, and in abundant prophecies of a harmony of feeling which should be world without end. To crown the assurances of fast friendship by a still more splendid ceremony than any in the past, we made last year such an ovation for the next heritor of the British throne, that but for the occasional proffer of a hand-shake by some republican not quite au fait of the etiquette, of course, the princely progress might have been imagined a common form of American amusement. When we saw the pageant, the festival flowers strewn in the way, heard the music of trumpets and hurrahs, even the least sanguine of us said cheerfully, "Now, beyond doubt, we are joined to England by indissoluble ties.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

It is a matter worthy of our serious examination, however, in spite of "common language and origin," whether France be not the better party of the second part to America's covenant of eternal friendship. That she is one with us neither in blood nor tongue may be but a specious objection to such an alliance. Perhaps nations, like individuals, find none the healthier result for marrying within certain degrees of consanguinity. Two fraternal races may undervalue each other through that familiarity which breeds contempt, as well as two fraternal men. It is just possible that England, like history, is not yet far enough from Trenton, New Orleans and Lundy's Lane to strike an impartial balance between the parties to those struggles. It may be asking too much of her magnanimity to expect her loving prayers for the preserved integrity of that nation which first tore from her skirts her larger share of landed territory, and then wrested from her hands the title to sole supremacy of the seas. Last of all, it is to be considered that England has never been famous, in the days of her last prosperity, for looking at the vital questions of a foreign people, through other than the eyes of selfish interest. If the bland and world-wise cotton-spinner has succeeded within her borders to the stern old Roundternational banquets but a sturdier stickler for disagreeable principle, we cannot demand of her that for our sake she turn back the hour-hand of her commercial progress two centuries to Oliver Cromwell.

With France we have never had a serious quarrel. On the middle ground between us there are no Waterloos to be "revendiquées." She has helped our wars with her Lafayette, our political philosophy with her De Toc-In her bosom our art and our literature have ever found an unsupercilious hospitality; and from the beginning of American existence, the exchange of thought has been freer, more cordial, and on more equal terms than between any other two nations of the civilized world. There is no danger of her ever arrogating to herself the sole curatorship of a language which we have in common, or of her standing at the conciergerie of our common literature with patronizing kindness to admit our men of genius to a chamber in the fifth story of common place. The first and most perspicuous reason is that, in the etymological sense, our language and literature are not in common. The second and most weighty is the manysided fairness of the French mind-its capacities for looking beyond its own boundaries, and throwing itself into other circumstances than its own, with a vivid appreciation.

Whether France in this struggle take political part with us or not, there can be but little doubt of the popular sympathy of a nation whose only metropolitan journal which ranges itself by the side of the London Times and our traitors is Le Pays, the feeblest in management, wellnigh the poorest in support, of all the French periodicals. Though it seems a strange thing to say, that the appreciation our of American life, thought, and present posture may be better sought not at the hands of the nation which confessedly most resembles us in its free form of government, but of the people whom we are accustomed to pity as groaning under absolute tyranny; we must question if France be not our more intelligent, our sincerer friend and student than England. Certainly, at any rate, we have never found one of our insular brethren who, in understanding of our general life, approached De Tocqueville, nor any Englishman who comprehends our present posture like De Gasparin.

M. GASPARIN ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

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To return to our author. M. Gasparin devotes his first chapter to an inquiry into the nature of American slavery. The tone of his analysis is most temperate and reasonable. He expressly disavows any opinion of the subject matter formed by generalization from selected cases of extreme hardship. We should calumniate the South, he tells us, were we to judge it by a collection of atrocious acts, as we should wrong France by forming a judgment of her social condition on the basis of the Police Gazette. In the advertising columns of its own newspapers, in the pages of its own statute books he seeks for the illustration of the Southern peculiar institution. That it is possible to break the sanctity of the marriage tie, to tear the child from the mother's breast, to violate the chastity of the woman unpunished, unrestrained; to brand the back and fetter the limbs of the man, to lash, to hunt with bloodhounds, even to kill in the presence of a hundred eyes, while no voices accompany them which can be raised in a court of justice-that these things are possible, not that they are daily and universal, nor that many kind masters do not live far within the limits of their statutory power-is the onus of De Gasparin's charge against slavery. But this chapter, save as coming from a French source, and being unusually wise and temperate for a foreigner who has no complicity in the evil of which he treats, has nothing especially novel to an American.

THE ELECTION OF MR. LINCOLN.

The second chapter is concerned with a brief review of the gradual lapse of the United States into the hands of the slave power, down to the period of last November—"Where were they going before Mr. Lincoln's election." It sets out with the following proposition:—

"If the pro-slavery party had carried off one more triumph the United States would have gone to their death."

This proposition M.Gasparin characterizes as likely to seem strange at first sight, but there are few lovers of the Union on this side the water who would feel like disputing it.

It is supported, first, by a review of the policy inaugurated by the fathers of the republic, and by them believed essential to its prosperous growth—"parquer l'esclavage'—to hem slavery in, palisade it, make it, if preserved it must be, a preserve in the strict sense of the word. Next, the gradual declension from the old faith is illustrated by the series of disgraceful, though at the time seemingly expedient, concessions to a slave power which, thus "packed in," was dying in vacuo, dating from the Missouri Compromise to its annulment, the Kansas outrages and the final abasement of the central power under the heel of the slave oligarchy during the closing hours of Buchanan's administration.

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"And it was thither," exclaims M. De Gasparin, "just into that degree of disorder and degradation, that a noble people was for so many years suffering itself to be dragged headlong, plunging deeper and deeper every day, one by one abandoning its guarantees, forfeiting its title to the respect of other nations, drawing nearer the abyss, watching the approach of that hour when regeneration should become impossible, bringing down curses on its head, and forcing those who loved it to meditate the words of one of its most illustrious chieftains, 'I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just!"

Were not all party barriers now swept away by the flood-tide of a united North, that party which brought the present Administration into power might be proud to call attention to the noble defence of its motives contained in the third chapter: "What is signified by the election of Mr. Lincoln." To a Republican, accustomed as he was before the fall of Sumter to hear himself confounded with the extreme wing of the abolition party by opponents who, knowing better, should have spoken fairer, there is something astonishing in the vigorous grasp with which a foreigner like De Gasparin handles the great question of last November, and the clear-sightedness with which he points out the real issue. Not the abolition of slavery, but its restriction within the guaranteed bounds-a return to the policy of the fathers—the emparquement, the fencing in of the evil. That this was the design of the electors of Mr. Lincoln, Gasparin both sees and proves admirably. That ultimately this would have led to the result of perfect free-

he asserts, as is true beyond gainsay, that that result was no direct motive to any leader of the party, no portion of its scheme, and to many of the voters not even a desirable result, however ultimate.

M. GASPARIN ON AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

At his fourth chapter our author pauses in the discussion of America's present political aspect for a philosophical digression upon the general characteristics of American civilization. He is as happy as usual in his title: "What we are to think of the United States." Do not fancy that he serves us with any rechauffee of De Tocqueville. While arriving at some of the conclusions of that eminent observer, he has still investigated and pondered largely for himself. His reading of our statistics is up to the level of the present day. With most exemplary fairness he weighs our popular virtues against our isolated and glaring faults, refusing to hold responsible for the repudiation of Mississippi a whole nation whose struggle to live honestly within its means has been more earnest than that of any commonwealth upon the globe. The stale slander that we are without literature he repeats only to refute it by our catalogue of illustrious names. Our system of common-school education has at once his understanding and his admiration. But that portion of his discussion which will strike readers as most remarkable, coming from a Frenchman, is the thorough sympathy which he exhibits with our voluntary plan of religious training-our Sunday schools, numbering twenty thousand, directed by one hundred and fifty thousand teachers, embracing more than a million pupils, of whom at least ten thousand are adults. "Compute," says De Gasparin, "the power of such an instrument!"

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW.

the great question of last November, and the clear-sightedness with which he points out the real issue. Not the abolition of slavery, but its restriction within the guaranteed bounds—a return to the policy of the fathers—the emparquement, the fencing in of the evil. That this was the design of the electors of Mr. Lincoln, Gasparin both sees and proves admirably. That ultimately this would have led to the result of perfect freedom, Gasparin likewise has no doubt; but

reached by us, which for novelty of thought demands all the attention that can be given in our limited space, we could not refrain from dwelling on these two chapters at large. There is something indescribably alluring in their noble fairness to both the clashing sections of our country-to the Christian men of the North and South, who differ so widely in their views on the moral aspect of our political incubus. As we read this portion of De Gasparin's inquiry we are continually saying to ourselves: "This is the very point of view we have long been trying to occupy in vain! This is the position from which a man may be sorry for the errors while he loves the persons of those true Christian people whose intellects are blinded to the crime of slavery-where he may calmly acknowledge that it is the intellect which errs, and not the heart." Have we never striven for patience with those theologians who prate of Onesimus and the curse of Canaan, and after every effort failed utterly to perceive how any man, not corrupt as well as blind, could prop the tottering fabric of the "sum of all villanies" by the sublime buttress of God's free word? If we have (and many Northern men are still so human and imperfect as to lack that greatest of divine gifts, charity for uncharity), then these two chapters of M. Gasparin will do us good. Do not think, however, that he supports with his logic those for whom he makes allowance in his love. He is fully persuaded of the essential antagonism between the slavery of man and the gospel of Christ. He has no doubt that, although it be in the divine plan that the two, like all earthly good and evil, should for awhile co-exist in America-the good silently modifying the evil and rendering it less unbearable, the evil greatly hampering the efficiency of the good-the balance of the counteractions is on the gospel side—that the Truth of Christ shall presently rise to shake itself loose from the ignorance of men-yes, that this very process is taking place in the grand conflict of 1861.

After expressing a sympathy, again unexpected in the French mind, with our marked American tendency to the introduction of Christian motives and biblical illustrations into the arena of political life—after a representation of the struggle going on between the gospel and our national sin in our news-

papers, pulpits, legislative assemblies and election combats—Gasparin closes his sixth chapter with this fine appeal:—

"The mind is agitated by a mere imagination of the horrors which follow in the wake of civil war. But, oh, could the Christians of America come thoroughly to understand the grandeur of the rôle reserved for them by God, and the extent of those responsibilities which weigh upon them! To take an uncompromising stand against slaveryto remove their last pretext from those sincere men who are trying to reconcile it with the gospel; to organize in the North the action of an immense moral energy; to address the South in words conceived at once in truth and charity; to make tireless ap-peal to the heart of both master and slave; to prepare against the moment of peril this guarantee which naught else can replacegood faith in common between whites and blacks; not to lose courage even when all seems lost; to practise the trade of Christians, which consists in pursuing and realizing the impossible; to show the world once more what power resides in justice-this is a noble task to be accomplished."

In the seventh chapter, entitled "The Actual Crisis," De Gasparin lays down propositions upon the natural and probable fate of the secession movement, which, however familiar in the United States, must be strikingly novel in Europe. Boldly pronouncing the American nation to be not a pact but a sovereignty, and supporting this assertion by the same line of argument adopted in Motley's recent admirable letter, he draws from his premises the conclusion that secession from the commonwealth formally consolidated by the constitution of 1787 is nothing less than revolution in terms. He proceeds to show that the motive power of secession is no dissatisfaction with the enforcement of slavery's constitutional rights under the old Union-but a discontent with the measure of those rights themselves; that the object of the revolutionists is the foundation of an empire in which slavery shall be pivotal and paramount-whose energies shall be directed to the acquirement of new territory for the spread of the institution, until all America shall become a "collossal negro-prison" from Havana to the Pacific, from Delaware Bay to Uruguay; and that with a people whose first legislative measure was the reenactment of the Federal Tariff of 1857, the profession of free-trade tendencies can be but a plausible shift for obtaining foreign recognition on false pretences. Surely, the nation which sets Mr. Jefferson Davis at its head, and inaugurates its anarchical emeute at the state which has ever clamored fiercely for a revival of the ocean slave trade, can have no other object in the alacrity with which it prohibits that trade than the seduction of the slave-producing states into complicity with its rebellion. All of these conclusions, in America, have long since become acknowledged facts. It is not credible that a man who so evidently reads our annals of American opinion should have arrived at these conclusions utterly unaided. Still, it is almost as great a compliment to M. De Gasparin to confess that at his distance he sees them, as that he originated them entirely by himself. We would that he were equally sustained by facts in the pre-conclusion that no European state could have the unprincipled hardihood to acknowledge the standing of any such compact of filibusters as the Southern Confederacy.

With a prophecy, not unheard on this side of the water, that even supposing the Southern Confederacy maintain itself, the result, though an utter extinction of all the old Federal guarantees, will be universal emancipation in the course of time, and with a congratulation to Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet upon the providential overruling of secession for the untrammelling of their hands in those salutary measures which otherwise had certainly been strangled by the South, De Gasparin concludes his seventh chapter. Thus far it is the wisest, the clearest-sighted,

the profoundest of all.

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CONSEQUENCES OF THE CRISIS.

The eighth chapter of M. Gasparin concerns itself with the "Probable Consequences of the Crisis." Speaking of the Border States, whose action, happily for the lover of the Union, was, at the date of that writing, to say the least, uncertain, De Gasparin uses the following language:-

"It is to-day that the Border States must choose sides, and to-day, therefore, it is necessary to offer to their natural irresolution the support of a policy as firm as it is moderate. Exposed, without defence, to the passionate solicitations of the extreme South, they are only too liable to yield, provided

reason to believe that no serious obstacles will be thrown in the way of separation.

"We must recollect that here we have to do with ignorant communities in bondage to their prejudices, and which, upon questions affecting the cause of slavery, have never tolerated the faintest shadow of discussion. Communities like these are capable of committing the most enormous follies; panics, sudden resolves, false unanimities, are indigenous to them. Of old, men pitied the kings who lived among a shoal of flatterers; it was said (and we have looked to it) that the truth never reached them; at this day the planters are our fittest representatives of these monarchs of the ancient régime; neither books, nor newspapers, nor sermons, can venture to point out to them their duties or their interests in the matter of slavery."

M. De Gasparin next proceeds to suppose the case that our central government has listened to those pseudo-conservative advisers who demand peace at the expense of a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and a calm submission to the disruption of the old Union. The mouths of the Mississippi are abandoned to the rival power-it is even permitted to seat itself at Washingtonwhat then?

" Let us look at things as they are: the maintenance and development of slavery in the South will render intolerable in its eyes the abolition proceedings of its neighbor; if it has not been able to endure a contradiction which was accompanied by infinite policy and tempered with many prudent disavowals, how will it endure a daily chastisement, a unanimous and settled blame, a perpetual denunciation of the infamies which attend and constitute the patriarchal institution? The North, on its part, will not be able to forget that by the action of the South, without reason or pretext, the magnificent unity of the nation has been shattered, the starry flag torn in twain, the commercial prosperity of America shaken simultaneously with its greatness. Then will happen one of those incidents which are constantly arising-a Southern slaver stopped by the North on the high seas, a negotiation on the part of the South threatening to introduce Europe into the affairs of the New World-and hostilities will begin immediately.

"What those hostilities will be I hardly dare to imagine. If, at this moment, the planters are forced night and day to mount guard for the prevention of those insurrec-tionary movements ever ready to burst upon the conduct of the Federal power give them | their domains; if already many families are

driven to find in safer countries a harbor for their women and children, how will it be when the arrival of the Northern forces announces to the slaves that their hour of de-liverance has sounded? We can safely say that their arrival will always signify that in the eyes of the South. This is one of the cases where the popular interpretation concludes by being the interpretation of truth. I do not doubt that the generals of the United States, before attacking the Southern Confederacy, will recommend to the negroes that they keep the peace, will disavow and condemn acts of violence; still what will that amount to but a manifesto against the reality of things and the necessity of situations? There is one word which I see written in broad letters across the projects of the South—yes, in every line is to be read the word catastrophe. The first successes of the South are a catastrophe, the greatness of the South will be a catastrophe, and if the South shall ever realize, in part, the iniquitous hopes towards which she is rushing, that catastrophe will acquire unheard-of proportions; it will be a Saint Domingo raised to its tenth power.

"I suppose that, to its misfortune, the Southern Confederacy has succeeded in all which it undertook; Charleston is a free port—the Border States have been drawn in—there is a new Federal pact and a new President; the Northern States have abandoned the idea of suppressing the insurrection by force. Europe has overcome its repugnance, and received the envoys of the great slave republic. All questions seem now resolved—but no—we have not resolved a single one of them.

"For now the Southern policy begins to make itself practical. Its first article—say it or not, know it or not—is the necessity of conquest: the absorption of Mexico for example. The Walker filibusters are ready to set out, and the first moment when it became them to be cautious having gone by, it is little likely that they will impose much self-restraint, now that the prudence of the North is no longer present to counterpoise the passions of slavery.

"But let us admit that this enterprise results in no disastrous complications. For these new territories it will be necessary to procure negroes. Then, sooner or later, will the second article of Southern policy—like it or not—find its inevitable application; the African slave trade will be re-established. The richest planter in Georgia, Mr. Gaulden, lately took pains to point out its necessity in the following language:

'You have hardly negroes enough for the existing states—secure the re-opening of

the slave trade—then you will be able to undertake an addition to the number of the Slave States.'

"Can the official re-establishment of the African trade ever take place without bringing down upon the new confederacy a tempest beneath which it shall perish? I cannot believe it. In any case, I know one thing: the value of the slaves, and consequently, that of Southern property, will suffer a depreciation vastly surpassing that with which it was menaced, as they said, by the abolitionist tendencies of the North. Already, by the mere fact of secession, the price of the blacks has diminished one-half, and more than one intelligent planter catches glimpses of the hour when their price shall have fallen three-quarters, perhaps ninetenths. The Southern fortunes are sinking with extreme rapidity-and this, not only from a foresight of the future effects of the African slave trade, but from the certainty that henceforth all opposition to the escape of fugitives is impossible. These escapes, all summed up, would continue to be insignificant so long as the Union was maintained; in all Canada there are not more than fifty thousand free negroes. But from this day the Southern Confederacy will have everywhere a Canada on its frontier.

"How is that slavery to be retained which shall simultaneously leak out by the North and South? The Southern republic, we may safely say, will be a common foe, whose slaves assuredly nobody will take the trouble of keeping for her.

"Besides, it is not credible that she will long be able to preserve herself from intestine divisions—divisions among the whites; at the outset, when all runs smoothly, her unanimity is far from proving itself as completely as announced. A little later, and it will be much worse."

In support of these conclusions, De Gasparin quotes those memorable words of Washington's Farewell, in which he calls upon his countrymen to regard the Union as the palladium and guarantee of all alike—and those likewise of Jefferson, spoken in view of a danger like our own, with such wisdom as to seem inspired prophecy. "If we reduce our Union to North Carolina and Virginia, the conflict will immediately spring up between these two states, and we shall end by a reduction of ourself to simple units."

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Well may De Gasparin ask, "Is not this anticipated history?"

'You have hardly negroes enough for the existing states — secure the re-opening of gument being stated, De Gasparin comes to

the proposition of his own fixed opinionthat the separation between the sections of the United States can be prolonged but a few months at the farthest, and the South will then return, covering its retreat from the defiant position by the proposal of some compromise.

"But what compromise will compensate for a deed so significant as the election of Mr. Lincoln? This has a profound meaning which no vote can ever take away; it means that the conquests of slavery are fin-This being so, the future is easily predicted. The increasing majorities of the North—the increasing disproportion of the two parties of the Confederation. four years of a Lincoln administration, the Slave States, with their eight millions of whites employed in guarding four millions of blacks, will have lost all hope of making headway against the twenty millions of citizens inhabiting the Free States. Let us add that, the future once settled, and the question of preponderancy once determined, a host of evil passions will die out, one by one. The number of Free States will multiply not only by the clearing of new territories, but by the enfranchisement of the sparsely scattered slaves, constantly getting fewer, in Maryland, Delaware, and Missouri. . . . We shall then see these Border States, one after the other, recovering, at the same time, their life and their liberty; they will be transformed as at the touch of a fairy's

EMANCIPATION.

Having arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Lincoln's election is the death-knell of slavery in the United States, De Gasparin, in his ninth chapter, asks the very natural and pressing question, "What shall be done with the freed men?-The co-existence of the two races after emancipation." The answer which he gives himself requires all our faith to make it seem credible. The races will co-exist, he says, and co-exist harmoniously. That there was never a more serious error than that of De Tocqueville: "Up to this moment, wherever the whites have had the ascendency they have held the negro in degradation and bondage; wherever the negroes have been the stronger the white man has been exterminated. This is the only account which can ever be opened between the two races." De Gasparin, who knew De Tocqueville well, says that he wrote these gospel the Southern Federal head, Mr. Jeff

words when the results of colonial emancipation were still a problem, and that he afterwards cheerfully acknowledged his error and became one of the warmest friends of negro freedom, though this terrible sentence remained unexpunged from the record of his

By the statistics of the freed Antilles, De Gasparin proceeds to refute the stale calumny that co-existence necessarily brings ruin to either party. In spite of the aversion to labor naturally engendered in the negro mind by memories of involuntary servitude-spite the traditional aversion of the negro to labor for more than the pressing necessities of life-spite the moral degradation and enfeeblement of a long bondage which could not be done away by emancipation in a day-spite the commercial crisis brought about by the sudden enactment of free trade in 1847-spite every discouragement, material and spiritual-the negroes of the English Antilles have not only made more and more valuable sugar since their emancipation, but have steadily improved in every respect of civil and social condition. Meanwhile, the whites, though, as a matter of course, more or less impoverished through the failure of their flesh-and-blood fortunes. have been able to secure the faithful work of the negroes at the low figure of a shilling per diem-and learned to live harmoniously by their side, even intermingling with them in the offices of church and state.

To this statement those of us who have been in the Danish Islands of Santa Cruz

can afford a striking parallel

But above all the consideration of profit De Gasparin sets the influence of the gospel -the moral force of clearly apprehended right-as the controlling means in the production of a harmony of co-existence. Hoping that his faith may indeed be justified by our works-and with God and a free nation, more impossible things than this have been made possible-we turn to his concluding chapter. This is the final assertion of his original proposition-the "q. e. d." of the whole book.

"The actual crisis will upraise the institutions of the United States."

From the repudiation of debts, of whose

Davis, is the great apostle; from the gross and support, without discouragements, withcorruption and vendibility of our legislative counsellors; from presidents trempling under the whip of an oligarchy, and cabinets hastening into grand larceny and treason for its behoof; from a cringing pulpit and a stifled press; from popular elections which wore a ghastly mockery of popular expression; from the disgraceful sight of a free majority vainly struggling to carry salutary measures against the threats of an anarchical and truculent minority; from the shame of standing representative before the world of freedom in its purest form, with the stain upon our skirts of slavery in its vilest; from all these things most good men in America have long prayed in sad and earnest litany, "Good Lord, deliver us!" The Lord has many ways. We had hoped he would select that pleasant one-peaceable conversion to the knowledge of the truth. But he did not choose it. The birth pangs must come before the birth. "This hour of struggle," says M. Gasparin, "is the hour of deliverance." We believe it. It is God's way, and America's best way.

With a few passages from our author's eloquent peroration we close the wisest book which has been written upon America since De Tocqueville :-

"Now is the American people struggling to upraise itself. Enterprise as difficult as glorious! Whatever may be the issue of the first conflict which is now setting itself in array, it will be the first conflict only. There will be many others—the upraising of a great people is not the work of a day. As in peace, so in war, perhaps with the states who are taking into their hands the cause of slavery, the American Confederation will behold the successive development of those consequences which rightfully led to that decisive event, the election of Mr. Lincoln. Having broken with the past, it will be compelled to enter further and further into the paths of the future. Yes, we have seen itwhichever hypothesis may be realized among those which it has been granted us to foresee as possible—the cause of slavery is destined to suffer defeat upon defeat. She has stopped growing-she has begun to decayto decay by separation, to decay by union, to decay by peace, to decay by war. As truly as there shall be obstacles without number to surmount for the accomplishment of this work, so truly shall the work be accomplished. Certainly it deserves our love In praying for the final triumph of the

out defections. Europe will understand this.

"As for those brave souls who are struggling in the North, they will be glad to know that they are remembered on this side of the Atlantic. We can greatly help them to the earlier or later re-establishment of the Union. If the Gulf States only knew with what insurmountable disgust we here regard their Confederation, founded for the maintenance and prosperity of human bondage; if the Border States knew what sympathy they will win by turning towards Freedom - what maledictions they will incur if they declare against her; if the Northern States knew what support is assured to them by this power, the mightiest of all, which men call public opinion-it is permitted us to believe that the actual crisis would hasten to a speedy and peaceable solution."

Referring to Mr. Lincoln's parting entreaty, on the day he left Springfield, that the people would pray for him, Gasparin bursts into the following response:-

"'Pray for me!' we will pray for you. Ah, courage, O Lincoln! the friends of America and of liberty are with you. Courage! you hold in your hands at once the destinies of a great principle and a great nation. Courage! you have both to resist your friends and make front against your enemies-it is the condition imposed upon every man who does the right in this world. Courage! you will have need of it to-morrow, for the next year, unto the end-you will need it alike in peace and war-you will need it to fortify yourself against compromising both in war and peace that noble progress of whose accomplishment you hold the stewardry-no more conquests for slavery. Courage! as you say, the part which you must act has an importance second to none-not even to that of Washington himself. To raise the United States up again is a task no less glorious than to have founded them.

"It is from a distance, no doubt, that we express these sympathies—but this is one of the things in which he judges best who stands farthest; Europe is well situated for an appreciation of the present crisis. The opinion of France in particular should have weight with the United States; independently of our ancient alliances, we are perhaps the nation of all most interested in the success of the Confederation. In our reviews and journals there are friendly voices far and wide which hasten to carry to America the cordial expression of our devotion.

North, we pray for the well-being alike of Federal constellation! With what acclama-North and South, their common greatness, tion shall Europe hail the future progress their everlasting prosperity.

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"Justice never can do harm. I love to recall this maxim as I consider the present situation of America. In escaping from certain and shameful death, she will certainly not escape struggles and difficulties; in her re-entrance into life she will encounter, for a longer time than may be imagined, both peril and battle; of these is life composed. It is a laborious trade, this living; and na-tions who would hold their place upon the globe, had better learn that they shall have their share of suffering. Perchance it enters into the plans of God that the United States should suffer for awhile some diminution of their grandeur, that in the mean time it may learn its flag to be none the less respected, none the less glorious, for the loss of a few of its stars. Those which it has lost will some day re-appear there, and how many | tions." others, now in waiting, will run to swell the

tion shall Europe hail the future progress of the United States, when it shall have ceased forever to be that of slavery!

"At present America is engaged in the liquidation of a bad business. The day of liquidation is always disagreeable; but at its close credit revives. Thus shall it be with America. Often has she boasted the energetic cool-headedness of her business men; when they are ruined they waste no time in lamentations or despondency; they have their fortunes to rebuild. In the same way, if things come to their worst-and we must suppose the present crisis comparable to a ruin—there is a nation to rebuild; they will rebuild it.

"' Gentlemen,' said Mr. Seward, recently at the close of a great speech in Congress, 'were this Union to-day shattered by the spirit of faction, it would to-morrow reconstruct itself with the former majestic propor-

"THE vigorous measures adopted for the safety of Washington and the Government itself may seem open to criticism, in some of their details, to those who have yet to learn that not only has war like peace its laws, but it has also its privileges and its duties. Whatever of severity, or even of irregularity, may have arisen, will find its justification in the pressure of the terrible necessity under which the Administration has been called to act. When a man feels the poniard of the destroyer at his bosom, he is not likely to consult the law books as to the mode or measure of his rights of self-defence. is true of individuals is, in this respect, equally true of governments. The man who thinks he has become disloyal because of what the Administration has done, will probably discover, after a close self-examination, that he was disloyal before. But for what has been done, Washington might ere this have been a smouldering heap of ruins."

A FRENCH chemist, M. Z. Roussin, has for some time been occupied in preparing colored derivatives from naphthaline, and by appropriate treatment has produced various beautiful shades of color, from a faint blush to a deep maroon, according to the strength of the material, the colors, moreover, being of remarkable permanency, unchangeable in the light, and not attacked by any bleaching agent. In some of his | ventures in Africa."

researches, being struck with the similarity of a reaction of one of his compounds with the coloring matter of madder, he more fully investigated the matter, and has now been rewarded with the grand discovery that the superb and costly scarlet dye, alizarine, may easily be prepared from naphthaline. The artificial dye has been found to present exactly the external appearance of the natural coloring matter; it volatilizes with a yellow vapor, yielding dark red crystalline needles; it dissolves in alkalies with a beautiful deep bluepurple color; and furnishes, like madder alizarine, most beautifully colored cakes. Artificial alizarine dyes like natural alizarine, and imparts the same pure tints.

Mr. TEGG is about to re-issue "The Family Library," originally published by Mr. Murray. Many illustrious names, some of them of the past, were connected with this series. Among them may be named Allan Cunningham, Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey, Sir David Brewster, Sir F. B. Head, Mr. Crofton Croker, Sir Francis Palgrave, Mr. Lockhart, etc., etc. It is proposed to issue monthly thirteen volumes, handsomely bound, at a cheap

DURING the past week Mr. Murray has issued the eighth thousand of Mr. Du Chaillu's "Ad-

PART V .- CHAPTER XIV.

MILWARD was in Ned Locksley's room, the morning after the gaming scene, before that early-rising subaltern was out of bed. On his countenance sat blank despair. Ned was frightened as he raised himself upright on the tent bedstead to face him.

"We made a bad business of it last night, old fellow."

Milward, as pale as death, shook his

head, and said nothing.

"Can't say I like the looks of it," continued Ned, "for more reasons than one. First and foremost—you mustn't breathe it for worlds, you know, as I know nothing of cards—I'm not cock sure that Rufford's deal was fair that last hand. Next and worst, I was an intolerable ass for interfering."

"What must you think of me, then, for

embarking on it?"

"'Hope no offence,' as the 'cads' say; but I never did exactly take you for a model of wisdom, Milward."

"Ah! but you little think what a fool I

am! And worse, what a knave!"
"For Heaven's sake no, Milward, not
that, I hope. You may have been the dupe
of that gaming lot; but no 'chum' of theirs,
I'll lay my life."

"You're very kind to say so; and in one way right, though you'll, think worse of me

when all's known."

"Not much worse than of myself, if half as ill, I take it," said the other; "but it don't want twenty minutes to parade. Suppose you absent during my ablutions; and come up with me when we're dismissed, to conclude the council of war. I'll tell my soldier to get us a bit of breakfast here, so that we sha'n't be interrupted."

"All right," said Milward, with a look which belied the trivial expression.

Parade was over. O'Brien was talking with the major. "There must be some mistake," said the latter: "Locksley's the last man in garrison to be mixed up in such a mess. Besides which, it was late before he left our house last night."

"Sorra the morsel o' mistake, major," quoth the Irishman. "Young Mansfield told me but now. He was present, first

and last."

"I don't doubt he was," growled the stand him. He thought it doubtful for a major, quite willing to convict that ensign moment whether Milward would only turn

upon evidence not admissible against the other.

i

Just then, as if to strengthen O'Brien's statement, Locksley and Milward passed arm in arm; and Ned, instead of stepping aside to shake the major by the hand, and ask after Mrs. Anderson, as usual, only nodded as he went by. O'Brien winked significantly at his senior, who turned on his heel, half offended, muttering to himself as he left the ground,—

"I sha'n't and wont believe any thing to that young fellow's prejudice, till I have it from his own lips; that's all about it."

At the door of his own quarters a surprise awaited Ned. A tall sergeant of the H.E.I.C.'s "Europeans," whose bilious look showed what had sent him home upon recruiting service, saluted, and said,—

"Mr. Locksley, sir, here's a recruit; leastways intending, who wont take the shilling he came for, till he's had speech of

you."

He stepped aside, uncovering, so to speak, his rear rank man.

"Why, Tommy Wilmot, is that you?"

"Yes, Master Ned. Beg pardon, Cap'en Edward."

"Promotion don't go quite so fast in the Company's service, Tommy. But what on earth brought you here?"

"Wants to list, cap'en," he answered, determined to give Ned his "brevet," "if so be; that is, as I can mak' sure o' gooin' to East Injies along wi' you yoursen, sir."

"Well, that wants consideration. Tell ye what, sergeant, I'll see to this young man's affair. I'll see, too, that you get your bounty for bringing him all right, if he's attested; so you needn't wait about."

Sergeant saluted and disappeared.

"You, Tommy, come up-stairs after us; and I'll tell my man to give you some breakfast whilst we are getting ours. I have business of my own on hand just now that wont wait; but I'll hear your story by and by, unless you are in a hurry."

"Not a mossel, cap'en," said Tommy.
Milward made a vain attempt at breakfasting. The first sip of his coffee nearly choked him, and brought tears into his eyes. Ned, grave enough himself, couldn't quite understand him. He thought it doubtful for a

out "soft," or, as he himself had seemed to late sound. At last the other thought he intimate, a "scamp."

"The first thing, of course, is to pay Rufford. I don't think we are prepared to dispute the fairness of his play, whatever private opinion we may entertain."

"But I've not two hundred and fifty in the world," he said. " Not more than thirty or forty, when my Indian outfit's paid."

"Hadn't you that sum staked before he called on you to double, and I promised to go halves?" The lad's pale face turned purple.

"Yes! I had!"

Ned said nothing; he had not been prepared for this. He happened to have made up his own account with the army-agent two days before the card-play. Angry and off his guard as he was when he egged Milward on, it was distinctly present to his memory at the moment, that his balance was just £257 14s. 6d. It was bad enough to reflect, as he had done before getting off to sleep last night, that he should have to take his first step in the expensive eastern life with a capital of "seven pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence;" but he judged himself rightly fixed for his folly. His whispered offer to Milward was merely meant to justify the extra risk. It never entered his honest head that the lad had pledged his own honor for a stake which, if he lost, he was unable to pay.

"I told you you would think me more knave than fool, when all was known," said the other, with great effort, under his breath.

"Well, it wasn't a nice thing to do," Ned answered. But he repented of the words the moment after, when he saw how completely Milward was crushed under their weight. His elbows were on the table, his face between his fingers, out of which came rolling great scalding tears.

"A pretty devil's device this gambling!" thought his comrade, sick and wroth at heart against himself for having let his proud impatience of defiance betray him into sanctioning the madness of the luckless boy.

Any farther scolding, even if he had felt himself entitled to administer it, would be misplaced now. The question was how to of consolation was ominously empty. Mil- out of my pay?" ward kept on sobbing; but made no articu- "Ask that 'leg' any favor!" cried Ned,

heard him say.

"My mother-my poor mother!"

This was an opening.

expressive of much feeling.

"Don't take on so, Milward, man. I've got a mother too-just about."

Ned's speech was of set purpose, under rather than up to the level of his true sentiment. He could not trust himself to words

"And a father, too, first-chop; we'll pull through somehow."

"Ah! but I have none. She's a widow, poor dear, with only me to look to. My sisters and she have little enough to live

Merciful Heaven! He had lent his hand to push a widow's hope over that precipice!

Yet out of the black darkness of that thought, one ray of light came flashing on his generous and open mind. He had indeed a father, first-chop! What a word! He smiled involuntarily at the expression. He had indeed faith in his father; and faith, even in an earthly father, can " move mountains" out of a young man's path in life, sure token-would he but discern it-of the miraculous might of faith in a Father which is in heaven.

A minute's silence was enough to form and mature his plans.

"Now, Milward, will you be guided by me? God knows I've guided myself ill enough, so far; but I see my way out now. Will you put yourself in my hands?"

"Only too willingly," said the heart-broken

"As a general rule, then, I hate hiding things. If there were any sort of use in it, I should say, 'tell your mother at once;' but it would only distress her. Some years hence, when we've all got wiser, you may and must."

"How can I raise the money without application to her? Though I'd sooner coin my blood into gold."

"Every grain of which, if you could, she and your sisters would be the better of, if I understood you."

"They'd suffer any thing sooner than my dishonor. I wonder if Rufford would spread give a dram of comfort. But Ned's bottle it over a term of years, till I could save it

in a voice of fury, little becoming his new mentorial office. "I'd sooner see us both tied up in a bag, Milward, and chucked overboard on the voyage out, by a long chalk."

Milward opened his eyes. He began to understand that some other passion than that of gambling had animated his backer

on the previous night.

"Rufford shall be paid, at any rate, in three- No, let me see: he'll get it by the eleven o'clock post from Cransmere, and couldn't answer by the day mail. No; he shall be paid, every farthing, in four days at the farthest: but you must give me your word of honor for one thing."

"What?"

"For this: that you neither touch a card, nor make a bet above 'five bob,' for the next five years. By that time we shall both be shot, or dead of liver complaint, or grown wiser, or something. There now; clear out, if you've had your grub," quoth Edward, falling into his preventative slang again, on purpose. "I'm on recruiting business for the Honorable Company; and my recruit's been kicking his heels outside this half-hour. Cut along; there's a good fellow." To prevent any possible objection, he opened the door and bawled out, "You, Tommy! Tommy Wilmot! Come in."

Milward, perforce, went out: Tommy came in. Ned's judgment on his case, when he had heard it, was that, on the whole, he had probably left his home all for the best. There were some regulation difficulties about his being allowed, if enlisted, to leave the depot before completing certain drills, for which the period of Ned's departure would not now give time. There was a finance difficulty, farther, about his passage out overland. The letter, as Ned's own money matters stood, seemed formidable at first; but it appeared that Tommy had a certain sum in the Cransmere Savings' Bank, which would nearly cover the extra expense, if only the regimental impediment could be got over. For this, Ned's first application must needs be to the major.

H: thought he observed in that worthy commandant's manner an unusual wistfulness, for which the nature of the petition about Wilmot would not account.

"Any thing ail you, major?" he asked, when the old officer had written down, me-

promised to refer it at once to superior authority. "Mrs. Anderson all right, I hope? She was looking very well, I thought, last night."

"And is very well this morning, thank you. But I say, Locksley," for the major hated roundabouts, "what's this humbugging story they've trumped up, about your being in with some of that Rufford's card-sharping

last night, eh?"

"We mustn't say 'sharping,' major. We've no proof the fellow don't play fair. But Milward and I, between us, lost five hundred pounds to him last night, I am sorry to say."

"Sorry, indeed! That young Milward's

a confounded young fool."

"And that young Locksley, major?" asked he, with a frank good-humor, which was irresistible.

"Is another, of course; and so am I, for not giving him, since I have got him, the 'wigging' he deserves."

Ned laughed outright.

"It's all very well, youngster," went on the major, with a tentative frown; "but I can't bear to be taken in. Didn't you tell me once that gambling was your detestation ? "

"I did; and so it is."

"That you knew no more of cards than the difference between a diamond and a

"No more I don't major."

"Little wonder you lost. What induced you to play?"

"Nothing; for I didn't. I only backed a

"More reckless gambling than the game itself. What made you do it?"

"A sneer on Rufford's face, major, and a kind of challenge on his tongue."

"I see!" cried the old soldier. "Do you pick up every glove a fool or a knave throws down? I thought you wiser, my boy."

"I am learning to be so, sir. This is my latest lesson."

"Costly," said the other. "Can you make it convenient to pay?"

Ned found it hard to answer with perfect openness, because the secret difficulty was no secret of his own. The gray major marked his hesitation.

"I have no scapegrace of a son to break thodically, the points of Tommy's case, and my bank for me, my boy. So my balance at the paymaster's is on the right side. If

you should want a cheque-"

"Major! I have no words to thank you," said the young man, interrupting. "I shall never forget such generosity. But I have no secrets from my father. I have written to him already, and posted my letter as I came by. He'll set me right by return of post, I know."

The sonless man gazed on him as he turned to leave the room. Oh, had he but such a scapegrace son himself, with no secrets from his father, who would set him

right by return of post!

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The letter he had written ran thus:-

"DEAREST FATHER,-I have been and broken mother's jar again. I am a greater fool than you think me: much greater than I thought myself. As little able to command myself as when Phil and I shot with cross-bows on the lawn some years ago. I took up a challenge at cards, in the way of a bet on them-you know I can't play-and along with another man, whom I should have kept out of harm's way, contrived to lose in all £500. He can pay none, poor fellow, of which I was not aware, or I hope, for his sake, I should not have been so cruel as to back him. I have £250 of my own, or rather of what you gave me for a start, and I now want to know whether, in your great kindness, you will lend me an equal I am sure you would regret as much as I that my name should be mixed up in any shuffling about a debt 'of honor,' as they call it; of dishonor, as I think it should Tell dearest mother that she rather be. shall have every detail of this fine exploit when, please God, she comes. I need not tell you how ashamed I am at having to doubt whether I ought not to sign myself

"Your undutiful, though affectionate, " NED."

The answer came, as he had not doubted, by return of post.

"DEAR NED,-Enclosed is a draft on Messrs. Child for £500. It is crossed, as you see, and must be endorsed by you, and cashed through the Chatterham banker or the regimental agent. Your mother and I come, please God, on Thursday week.

"If you want telling that once is enough for an 'escapade' of this kind, you are not the Ned I take you for; but I shall ever be,

as I am,

am,
"Your loving father,
"R. LOCKSLEY."

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE.

put the letter with them into Milward's hands. As he did so, his heart was swollen with joy and pride at his father's trustful answer to his trustful application.

"I told you he was first-chop, Milward, and you needn't fear. I have not betrayed your name, even to him: if one could 'betray'a thing to such as he. But mind I have your word of honor for five years clear."

"You have, and fifty at the back of them,

if you think fit."

"See that rip of a Rufford gives you the receipt on a sufficient stamp. I don't trust him any further than I see him: indeed not half as far. Of course my name don't appear in the transaction. And there's an end, I hope, of one ugly chapter in our united histories."

Amy Grant was beyond measure anxious for Mrs. Locksley's arrival. Ned had told her that his mother would come, and from that moment she had begun to count the hours as eagerly as he. Her sudden friendliness for him did not, as children's sometimes will, die suddenly, like flowers they pluck in haste at play and stick rootless in the ground to "make a garden." Nor did her shrewd guess at the true complexion of his countenance shift and flit, as the summer dragon-flies, which children love to watch, though bright and quick as those winged needles of live steel. She was sure of the sadness, which others failed to read upon his features. Childlike and womanlike she longed to know whence that shadow was cast upon their pleasant light. With womanly rather than childish self-control she stayed upon her lips the question often almost asked in lively talk of Ned. Perhaps she should read an answer, unasked, in his mother's eyes: perhaps hear one at her mouth.

The very day on which Mrs. Locksley was to come, Amy was at the Andersons, and Ned on his way down to the lodgings he had secured, chanced to look in.

"Are you going to meet her, Ned?" asked the sunshiny little maiden, eagerly. "Do, pray, let me go with you to the coach-

"I think they'll post down, Amy, as my mother is not much of a trayeller."

"Oh!" said Amy, with such a sudden He drew £500 in crisp bank notes, and cloud of disappointment over her summer

sky. She wasn't quite sure what Ned's answer might mean. A postchaise and pair was a luxurious mode of travel beyond the poor paymaster's purse in those days; and Amy's idea of posting had reference to letters rather than to ladies on a visit to their sons. Yet she guessed that the pleasure at which she caught was imperilled, and that she was no longer likely to share the gladness of her friend's meeting with his mother, Ned could not help understanding all this in the sound of that one monosyllable.

"I am going to ask a great favor, Mrs. Anderson," he said, "of yourself and my friend, Amy, here. I am not certain when my mother will arrive; but I think it will be within an hour or so. She would dine early on the road, she said, and I was to have tea for her. I want Amy to come and make it, for I am a poor hand at that. Besides, I must get some flowers in the chimney ornaments and on the tables: my mother dotes on flowers. Amy makes exquisite nosegays. I could do nothing like her in that line either. Do you think Mrs. Grant would mind her coming?"

"O you dear good Mrs. Anderson," cried Amy, clapping her hands with glee. "Oh, do say yes! Oh, do say no!"

"'Say yes, say no,' which do you mean, child?"

"Both, to be sure, dear. Say 'yes' I may go: say 'no' mamma wouldn't mind. Of course she wouldn't: how could she?"

"You are wilful children, both. I suppose you must have your way," answered the major's wife, laughing.

"Children, indeed!" cried Amy, opening her great eyes with an affectation of supreme displeasure. "Why, Ned's a grown-up soldier, with a sword. I should think he was certainly thirty or forty years old. And you know, Mrs. Anderson,"—with much dignity,—"I am ten on the sixth of December!"

Ned was right about her taste in flowers, whatever may have been her talent for making tea. They bought a gorgeous bunch or two at a stall he wot of on their way down. From the little shrubbery of the lodginghouse garden she gathered green boughs enough to set them off. Even the grate became a bower after expulsion of the shavings from between its bars, and its redecoration by Amy's busy, tasteful fingers. She

had scarcely given the finishing touches before the "yellow chay," with its blue-jacketed boy and his knockkneed "posters" was grinding the gravel at the door. Hidden behind the curtain, Amy saw the greeting between mother and son; but before his father had stepped out to grasp his hand, she had run out of the sitting-room and fled like a sprite to hide herself elsewhere. It had just gleamed on her that they might find the presence of a stranger irksome. Her little heart beat violently when she heard them come up the stairs making straight for the very room in which she was ensconced. Self-possessed, however, in this emergency, she opened the door wide to let them in, concealing herself behind it; then, darting out as they entered, she ran to the sitting-room again.

"Didn't I see some child go past when we came in?" asked Mrs. Locksley of her son, who waited outside on the landing to lead her down-stairs to tea. "Such a lovely child. Was it the landlady's?"

"I don't think there are children in the house," he answered; "at least I noticed none when I came down to see that your rooms were ready."

"Well, I saw one. She only flitted past; but she looked lovely. Such fairy-like golden curls!"

"Oh, that must have been Amy, with the curls, then."

It had never struck him that the child was indeed so very beautiful. An image of womanly beauty, nowise childish, though still in the freshness of glorious youth, filled his eye and heart so full, that they took little note of what beside was beautiful.

"Amy?" said his mother, "what Amy?"
"Amy Grant, the little girl of the old
paymaster and his pretty wife. I must have
told you about them in some of my letters."

"Yes, to be sure. I think you said the paymaster's wife had a sweet countenance. Is Amy like her?"

"I scarcely know. Come, let me see. Is Amy like Mrs. Grant? I think she is, a little. You shall see both, and judge for yourself. Meanwhile, Miss Amy," he continued, opening the sitting-room door, "does the honors of the tea-table for us this afternoon. Here, Amy, here's my mother."

ings from between its bars, and its redecoration by Amy's busy, tasteful fingers. She look up, though she made a little courtesy full of formal grace, and held out her hand, when they looked upon his mother, but Mrs. Locksley took it, drew the child nearer, away from her, into some dim distance. parted the sunbeamy silk on her forehead, and kissed it very kindly.

Amy's apprehensions vanished. She threw her arms round the neck of the motherly figure which bent over her, and rising on tiptoe whispered in its ear,-

"Then you are not angry with me?"

"What for, dear child?"

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"For being in the way here when you came to see your Ned."

The answer was given on her soft cheek. By and by came Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Grant, who at first refused to intrude upon the new arrivals; they were only in search of Amy. But Mrs. Locksley herself ran out with Ned, pressing on them to waive all lips. ceremony and come in. How could she too soon have the pleasure of making acquaintance with those to whom she owed so much for their kindness to her son? So she drew them with gentle force into the room, where, much to Mrs. Anderson's amusement, Amy sat at the tea-urn. Mamma, when she saw her there, was a little anxious lest her darling should have been pert and forward; but Ned explained that it was at his mother's request, as well as at his own, that she held the post of honor; and Amy's self-composure was so free from affectation or impudence, that her mother could, after all, find little fault.

The three ladies being thus brought together, and Mrs. Locksley discovering that both the officers' wives took the warmest interest in her son, the three families spent more of those parting days together than would have been possible otherwise. long as she herself might not lose sight of him for one unnecessary hour, even Lucy's jealous love could not wish to separate him at the last from friends whose affection and esteem were so genuine in themselves, and so honorable to him.

Amy watched Ned and his mother with unflagging interest, and the keen speculation so often rife in a childish mind. She was so young, it passed even her quick wit to conjecture all the covetous longing which streamed from Lucy's eyes upon her only child. But she noted that their loving agony was ever most intense when fastened on him; whereas the sadness seen in Ned's as she

Amy showed only one of her dolls to Mrs. Locksley, the Ayah of the dolorous

"You see she was my nurse; for I was an Indian baby. You were not, were you?"

"No, dear child; I was an English baby, born close by where I now live, at Cransdale."

"But Lady Constance was not, was she? She was born in India, too, like me, your son said. She must have had an Ayah to nurse her, too."

"Yes, I suppose she had," Ned's mother answered, much wondering how he had brought himself to let that name cross his

Amy determined, she scare knew why, yet determined in her half-wayward, halfearnest childishness, to ask her question

"You love Ned very, very much, I know, and you are very, very sorry that he is going to India, far away?"

"Yes, indeed, dear Amy."

"And we leve Ned, though not as much as you, you know; and we are very sorry, he's going away."

"I know that Ned has found kind friends,"

his mother said.

"Does Lady Constance love him?"

The child Lucy was deeply troubled. looked on her with such hushed, eager, sympathy, that she knew not what to say in her amazement. At last,-

"They have been like brother and sister all their lives."

"And is Lady Constance sorry for Ned's going ?"

"Indeed, I can hardly say."

"Is Ned very sorry for leaving her?"

"I think so."

"More than for leaving you?"

Do what she would, the mother's sob broke out.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me. Don't cry, dear Mrs. Locksley."

The little arms were thrown about her neck, the golden curls about her face, the child's cheek pressed close to hers and the fairy-like lips were kissing the tears away.

"I am so sorry, so very sorry, to have made you cry. I only wanted to find out had seen it at the first, was saddest, not what made dear Ned so sad!"

The next day was their last in Chatter-ham. On the third after it the Peninsular and Oriental boat would leave Southampton. Those were the earliest days of the overland mail. Ned, with his father and mother, walked down late in the afternoon to take leave of the Grants. The last words were being spoken, the door was ajar, when Amy, who had kept one hand behind her all along, came forward and offered to Ned what she had been concealing.

"Take this, for my sake and Lady Constance's."

"What is it?" said he, much astonished.
"Only my poor Ayah. I thought you wouldn't mind her nose being stuck on, since she was Lady Constance's nurse as

well as mine."

But mamma, who had not heard what she said, saw that she was thrusting too large a parcel upon Ned, and on that score interfered.

"His trunks are full, and packed and gone. How could be carry such a clumsy keepsake all the way to India, silly child?"

"Oh, dear! what shall I do then, when they are just off, and I've no time to think

of any thing?"

Looking rapidly round the room, she caught sight of her mother's open work-box on the table. In one second she had pounced upon a pair of scissors, and had cut off, not a lock of hair, as the measure of such mementoes is reckoned, but a very cluster of her golden silky curls, which she thrust into Ned's hand, and ran away.

The time was come. It was low water at Southampton. The Cleopatra swung at single moorings in mid-channel, steam up, and ready to paddle off at first flow of returning tide. Now that Ned had fully taken the irrevocable step, his mother felt no longer constrained to pen back her flood of grief at parting. It almost unmanned him. Both his father and he insisted that she should not accompany him, as she proposed, on board.

Ned left his parents in each other's arms, and went alone on foot, from the inn to the pier. There, a little steam-tender waited for the latest batch of passengers. Tommy Wilmot, whose difficulties had been got over, thanks to the major's interest, was already on board, with the very last carpetbag and cloak.

Two stately female figures stood under one of the custom-house sheds, close by the gangway of the little steamer. Both had thick veils down. As Ned came by, one drew him towards her, lifted her veil, put her arms round him and kissed him, almost with the fervor of his poor mother's last embrace.

"God bless you, Ned! Mind, you shave

two mothers!"

The other did not raise her veil, nor touch his face with her sweet lips; the last time she had done so was under compact that she must never do it more. But her two hands of exquisite shape and softness, pressed the young soldier's between them with a loving force; and, from behind the veil, he heard her distinctly say,—

"Mind also, you have a true sister till I

die!"

CHAPTER XV.

"CAPITAL fresh eggs!" cried Keane Burkitt to his mother, at the other side of the breakfast-table.

"Positively creamy!" demolishing the

third and last in the eggstand.

"They might have boiled one for you, though!"

"There were no more in the house," she said; "the milkman only brought half a

dozen last time."

"Just like him, a thoughtless rascal! He knows, or ought to by this time, that I relish a fresh egg. I've half a mind to set up a lot of Dorkins for my own benefit. You could look after 'em, and see their eggs marked with a criss-cross, to make sure of, my always having 'em myself."

She went on with her dry toast.

"There," said he, after awhile, again pushing a small dish over to her, "that's what I do call streaky bacon; not so badly toasted as usual either. There's a little bit left; you can taste it, and see how I like it 'done.'"

"Thank you; but it's almost cold now; lukewarm bacon aint nice."

"No! That's what I keep it on the hob for, till I've eaten my eggs, when I can get an egg fit to eat, that is."

He threw himself into an easy-chair by the

window.

"Just tear the cover off the Times, and hand it to me, will you?"

by ladies for "births, deaths, and marriages," behind the cushion at his back, and turned the colossal broadsheet inside out, to get at the City Article. This he read over to himself, audibly yet inarticulately. His eye wandered next over the "ship news." In the paragraph headed, "The Mails, Southampton," a name caught his

"Hullo, mother, that's him, I take it!"

"Who, Keane?"

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"E. Locksley, Esq., Company's Europeans."

"Your Cousin Ned? Well, what about him ? "

"Sailed, or rather steamed, for Alexandria in the Cleopatra, on the 7th."

"Poor Lucy!"

"Well, what's the matter with her?"

"To part from an only son must be very sad, Keane."

"Perhaps it aint pleasant. What a rage old Locksley must be in with him!"

"What for; for leaving them?"

"Maybe for that a little; but still more for chucking such a chance away."

"What chance?"

"The same his father has had, this score of years and more-the fingering of the Cransdale agency. I dare say Ned knows, or thinks he knows, the old 'un has feathered his nest pretty well. Still, a fellow must be a fool to turn out of such clover in search of a liver complaint."

"Perhaps he is ambitious."

"Ambitious of what? How high does he think to climb? There's no ladder so tall as that with golden rungs. However, if he's a fool I'm not, so you'll be so good as to write a sympathizing letter to Aunt Lucy on your part; and say something neatly civil and regretful on mine."

"On yours, Keane! What do you care

about his going or staying?"

"A good deal, to be sure. Do you think I have no family affections, ma'am?"

She would have found it hard to answer such a question honestly, at least in regard of herself, in whose person his whole home

family lay.

That he was more selfish in respect of her than she in respect of him, was scarcely questionable. Yet, in one sense, it was less

He shoved the "Supplement," much loved | selfishness she knew, was special and limited in its kind and object. Her motherhood had taught it her; but only in respect of him on whom she had lavished a certain inconsiderate maternal idolatry. She was reasonable enough not to think it so very strange that he should be towards herself, what she herself was towards others except him. That the possessor of power should use it as an irresponsible possession, seemed to her quite natural; and as her son came gradually into possession of his, she was not astonished at having to feel its pressure. But love craves love, and, spite of reason, expects return in kind, whatever the degree may be. So it troubled her sometimes to think of what kind might be the more or less of feeling her son might have for her. She certainly could not call him undutiful in one main respect. That aversion from pursuit of business, which had once seemed to be the most threatening cloud on the horizon of her motherly hopes, had disappeared. He was assiduous and eager at his office work. Old business connections of his father, who had never withdrawn all dealings from the firm, but had, perhaps, diminished them, talked of a time when they should put themselves and their affairs entirely into its hands again. They prophesied that within those office walls the portent would be seen for once of "an old head upon young shoulders." They would congratulate Mrs. Burkitt with such heartiness as their natures allowed, upon the "really remarkable steadiness of her son, and his aptitude for affairs." The first flavor of such congratulations had, indeed, some sweetness; but such as soon cloyed the palate of her soul. An aftersmack of bitterness succeeded it. Sometimes she felt almost disgust at the full satisfaction of her once anxious wishes. She was no frequent reader of the Psalms, nor given to much devotional meditation thereupon, yet one verse, when read out at church upon a Sunday, would fall heavy on her heart, as that of which she had her own experience: "He gave them their heart's desire: and sent leanness withal into their souls."

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," resumed young Burkitt, after another spell at his paper; "when you write to Aunt Lucy, you must invite her down here again. A little change of air and scene is just the thing, if evident to her than to others. What un- she's out of sorts about Ned's going from her. Besides which, it would be pleasant company for you, as you are a good deal alone

in my office hours."

She looked up at him quickly, as if to assure herself that indeed there was a thought, if only an after-thought, for her. Keane met her look with a very gracious one. He was anxious that his aunt should be invited, and that his mother should so give the invitation as to make its acceptance probable.

Poor hungry heart! Grateful for this

graciousness, she replied,-

"I think we must let a few days pass first, Keane, and then invite her. But perhaps it would be as well to write and condole at once."

"As you please, dear; only mind you manage to make her come, and old Locks-

ley into the bargain, eh?"

No artifice was needful on Mrs. Burkitt's part to color her letter with semblance of true sympathy. Her son stayed, whereas Lucy's was gone; yet she could feel for a mother who should lose her heart's darling. There are more manners of loss than one. Sometimes keeping and losing are notions which get confused. Lucy was touched by her sister-in-law's evident sincerity. after a few days, the second letter came to invite her, she hailed the invitation as a relief; all the more gratefully that Lady Cransdale and her daughter were returning to the House. She had little inclination as yet for their society; and her husband was still in London upon legal business of the estate.

Her nephew himself wrote, upon her acceptance of his mother's invitation, offering, in the most considerate manner since his uncle was not at home, to come over to Cransdale and escort her to Freshet should she be in any way nervous or apprehensive at undertaking the journey alone. This was not to be thought of; but it made a favorable impression upon his aunt, and a deeper one, for her sake, upon Robert Locksley, when apprized of it.

Nothing could be in better taste and keeping than Keane's conduct during his aunt's stay with them. There was an unobtrusive sympathy and deference in his manner towards herself that was very pleasing. His bearing also, in her presence, towards his own mother, was a more delicate and tasteful compliment to her maternal

character, so nicely blended were filial affection and respect. He was anxious to discover, amongst other things, what effect his cousin's breaking off from old plans and home ties might have had upon Mrs. Locksley's maternal feelings, whether their wound chafed as well as ached; but he had the wit to divine that the probe must be used with a very tender and skilful hand.

One day he thought the opportunity was given to say without offence,—

"How could Ned have found it in his heart to leave you both?"

"He didn't," answered Lucy, firing up even quicker than he had thought it possible.

His eyes alone asked further explanation. "I found it in my heart! that is, we found it in ours; his father and I."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said he, dexterously. "I felt, from what little I had seen of Ned, that his heart must be loving as well as brave."

"That is very true, Keane. His is a noble spirit. Too much so for the quiet, homely life we had intended. He would have been thrown away at Cransdale; though it's a kind of treason to my own dear husband to say so. He will make a fine soldier."

"That he will. Do you know, though it seems presumptuous to say so, I really believe I know more than ever you can of his

bravery?"

"No, really. Do tell me what you mean?" asked Ned's mother, excited and eager for some fresh token of her son's great heart.

"You will wonder that you never heard of it before, as you must have done, had not Ned's modesty been in excess even of his generous boldness. I scarcely know now whether I am not breaking unjustifiably, a seal of secrecy."

"But I am discreet, though a woman, and

a fond mother, into the bargain."

She was so afraid of losing the precious token after all. So Keane told her of their
adventure with the puffin. His calculation
was profoundly just. She took him to her
own heart readily, as that for which her son
had freely risked his priceless life. She took
him to her heart more readily than if he had
been the saver, not the saved. To have
owed Ned's life to any but his Maker, his
own father, and herself, might perhaps have
brought that restless sense of debt which ends
by rousing debtor against creditor. Who

knows down what a steep such temptation thought cruel and arbitrary, was truly both may not dash the soul?

Henceforward, Lucy's eyes were spellbound when they looked upon her nephew. There was the prize for which her own greathearted boy had plunged into the treacherous deep—which he had brought out safe. In her sight it was luminous, as if with phosphorescent lights out of the sea waters. She could no longer judge Keane truly through the mist of generous prejudice which glorified him.

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It is an ill wind that blows no one good. That which brought Robert Locksley to Freshet to rejoin his wife, blew good on this wise to a certain poor client of Keane. The man, by name Job Sanger, had contrived, not without faults as well as blunders, to get "into difficulties." He was a small freeholder, who not content with cultivating his own freehold to moderate advantage, as his fathers had done before him, must needs enter as tenant upon a larger farm adjoining his few paternal acres. The mischief was, that to raise any capital for the undertaking, he was forced to mortgage heavily his own inheritance. A thoroughly foolish act; for the amount so raised was far below what might have justified him, on sound commercial grounds, in entering upon the wider field, off which his best and wisest friends all warned him. The "difficulties" came neither sooner nor later than might have been expected; but a more serious mischief arose from Job's peculiar way of attempting to meet them. With the vicious cunning of a fool, he contrived to raise a second, and this time, fraudulent mortgage on his own land, the proceeds of which did as little for the success of his tenant farming, as those of his honester folly had done before. Both transactions had become known in course of time to Burkitt and Goring, omniscient, as it sometimes appeared to the neighborhood, in all such matters round about the town of Freshet. The young head of that old firm was, for reasons of his own, desirous of obtaining some footing as landed proprietor in the county, no matter on how small a scale. Job Sanger's mortgages seemed to offer an opportunity. He bought them both on advantageous terms from their respective holders; and Job, once freeholder, became of course, Keane's thrall. The first exercise of

thought cruel and arbitrary, was truly both judicious and kind, although dictated by no special tenderness for him. Keane had business relations with a substantial man hankering after the very farm which Job occupied as tenant, and to the occupation of which he still clung with all the obstinacy of a knavish muddlepate. Keane, oiling his transactions with the man of substance by promise of the coveted holding, signified to Job his will and pleasure that it should at once be vacated—being helpless, he obeyed.

Wretched Job, unable to find, as his great patriarchal namesake, motives to patience in consciousness of his own integrity, withdrew into his original snail-shell, there to live in continual dread not only of foreclosure, which should leave him lackland, homeless, and penniless; but likewise of exposure and indefinite punishments, wherewith Keane would amuse himself, by darkly threatening him now and then. Once a fortnight, on every "Great-Tuesday's market," as it was called at Freshet, he was required to put in appearance at the office; sometimes merely to be sent about his business curtly by a clerk; sometimes to be ushered into Mr. Burkitt's own inner room, there to endure sneers at his folly, reproaches for his knavery, or, if Keane were in savage humor, threats of impending and total ruin. Not seldom he wished the catastrophe come.

"I culdn't be well wuss ruined nor now; and I shuldn't be so plaguy worrited!"

The catastrophe came; but, luckily for him, in the presence of Robert Locksley.

It was on a "Great-market" Tuesday as usual. Keane, not without cause, was full of suppressed ill-temper. First and foremost, on his way down from home to the office he had encountered Mr. Davenant, owner of the schooner-yacht Ocean Queen, who informed him, with polite expressions of regret, that, in bringing her to moorings last night, he had unfortunately fouled the Lady Constance, Keane's pet sailing-boat, carried away her sprit, and damaged her bows. Mr. Davenant was a client, a wealthy man, the father of certain Miss Davenants, leaders of fashion in Freshet, in whose eyes Keane wished to stand well. There was no help for it but to utter civilities in place of the rising execrations in his throat. Arrived at the office, he found among his letters one his new lord's power over him, which Job announcing the miscarriage of an affair, not. only important, but too confidential to allow even of an exclamation in presence of the clerks. So he went into his own room, and banged the door. An unfortunate ebullition, which shook down from a lofty bookcase a plaster bust of Lord Eldon in his wig, shattering it upon the floor. Hardly were the fragments collected, and swept out by the errand boy, when Job Sanger, twirling his broad-brimmed, but now napless beaver, knocked at the door. Luckless Job! The "come in" was pitched in a key which, like the overture to an opera of the school of horrors, gave promise of tragedy to follow. He was too much upset to close the door after him as he obeyed the summons; unless, indeed, prophetic presence of mind had whispered how advisable it might prove to secure an open way of retreat.

"How long, sir, am I to tolerate this sort

of thing?"

Well might Job wonder within himself what sort of thing was intended, and of what kind Mr. Burkitt's notions of toleration might be. But all his answer was, as he smoothed with his left coat-sleeve what had been the nap of his beaver,-

"Hope no offence, Mr. Burkitt, sir!"

"No offence, indeed, you swindling sawney! Putting off a parcel of worthless mortgages upon me, doing one out of more money than twice your cabbage garden's worth!"

There was double poetic license in this eloquent outburst, transfer of identity and amplification of amount. Mr. Keane Burkitt was the last man upon whose hands Job would willingly have put off his mortgages, worthless or otherwise; and the "consideration" for which they had found their way into that practitioner's hands did not perhaps actually reach twice the value of the fee simple.

"Mr. Burkitt, sir, it aint a bit o' use denyin' as I've 'ad my misfortins, which I'm sure as I'm ashamed to illconwenience any genelman as you. But I 'opes you wun't be 'ard upon a man as is down, sir."

"'A man as is down,' eh?" sneered Keane; "one as ought to be up, instead, before the Freshet bench of magistrates to answer for his plain dealing, eh?"

"Bother the bench!" muttered the culprit, restive at last; "thay culdn't 'ave a chap up onst a fortnight any'ows."

before, but never saucy till now," said his tormentor, with a savage grin. "I'll spare you the trouble of these fortnightly calls in future. What's to-day? Tuesday, the 17th. Ah! very well; this day week will be the 24th. You will be good enough to have paid into Messrs. Burkitt and Goring's account, on or before that date, the amount of both mortgages, with all arrears of interest due upon them, or you take the consequences and I the freehold."

"Now, dont'ee, Mr. Burkitt, sir, dont'ee! Me and mine 'as 'eld that fre'old this two 'undred year and more, as I've 'eard say."

"All the more reason some one should hold it now that will make better use of it."

"Aint you never no mussy, then, Mr. Burkitt, sir?" said Job, in piteous accents.

"Mercy, my good Job! Indeed, I hope I have; this would be a poor world without it. If I thought I was really doing you any kindness by granting longer delay you should not have to ask twice for it."

Keane spoke loud and free, not in his usual dry, noiseless manner when saying unpleasant things; so that Job stared, and marvelled what new shape the spirit of per-

secution was assuming.

"Nothing could have been farther from my wish all along, than 'to drive you into a corner,' as they say, my good man. I have too much regard for your wife and family for that. If I have seemed to press heavily at first upon you, it has been simply to bring home the lesson to you, that honesty is the best policy after all."

Job actually gaped upon him.

"Here, Uncle Robert," cried Keane, crossing the room from the mantelpiece, against which he had been leaning, to the open door, which he opened wider still: "do come in here a few minutes, will you, and help me with a matter that's as much in your way as mine."

"You here, Keane! I thought you said you were to drive over to Lanercost; I just looked in to ask a question of Mr. Goring about a man whose name I can't find in the

law list."

"Well, here's mine, we can look over. I saw you come in, as the door was ajar; give me a bit of advice, since you are come. I don't go to Lanercost till after lunch."

So Robert Locksley came into his nephew's "So, Mr. Sanger; I've seen you sulky private room; and the door of that sanctum was duly shut now, and Job, in utter bewil- ing from a ride some mile or two out of the derment, was requested to take a chair, whilst Keane, with mingled severity and consideration, explained to him that he was taking his uncle into confidence upon the state of his-Job's-territorial and financial affairs, because no one had more experience than Mr. Locksley, manager of the great Cransdale estates, in the science of blending mercy with justice on a matter of the kind.

Mr. Locksley went into it at once with interest and attention. It certainly was not complicated; yet he was much struck, in Keane's exposition, by the way in which, without harshness or affected reserve, he contrived to put Job Sanger's conduct into the clearest "dry light," so to speak. His nephew had, apparently, the dispassionate judgment indispensable to the man of business, who must act without prejudice between lord and tenant.

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"The mortgages, however, are both in my hands, uncle, now; and as I was saying to Sanger just as you came in, all I want is to keep him from shifts and trickeries, which not only will ruin his own character, but will take the bread out of a wife's and children's mouths at last. What terms I am to give him, I leave entirely to you. I am acting for myself, and not for a client, as I must do so often in these mortgage cases, any indulgence you think hopeful and reasonable I will gladly make."

Keane had truly said that the Cransdale administration, though studiously just, was largely tempered with mercy. Locksley's award sent Job homewards from that fortnightly market with a lighter heart than he had owned for some time, though the puzzle

in his brain was in a tangle still.

"What can a come to 'un?" he mused, as he drove out his tax-cart from Freshet in the afternoon; "he's a deep 'un for sartain, and a 'ard 'un pretty sure; yet them's fair-

ish terms, considerin', them is!"

The Lanercost road ran parallel to Job's road home for many hundred yards beyond the turnpike gate; but even had Keane Burkitt thought aloud, as his neat dog-cart bowled along, it was too far off for Job to have heard him say, "My sprat's gone for bait; I wonder will it hook a mackarel."

Though his hand was light enough upon the reins, Keane drove with a sharpish bit; your sister is falsifying the record." and when he met the Davenant girls return-

town, he had his horse upon his haunches spite of his full swinging trot, the instant he perceived that they were half inclined to pull up and speak to him.

"O Mr. Burkitt, we are so sorry for 'the Lady Constance," said the younger, whose manner was always freer with him than her sister's. "Is she much damaged? It was so dark last evening, when we ran aboard of her, that we could hardly see."

"Were you on board the Ocean Queen,

then, when she fouled her?"

"Yes, both of us; we had been sailing to

the Skerry with papa."

"Then I am consoled already, whatever damage may be done the Lady Constance, since you suffered none."

"Very polite!" said Sophy Davenant. But Keane's eyes were on her sister Fanny, who sat straight and silent on horseback. with a kind of proud self-possession.

"Anyhow," resumed the younger girl, "we are all very sorry, and wish we could

make amends."

"That might be done at once, if there were any that needed making."

"How so, pray?"

"No; never mind," said Keane.

"But you are bound to tell us after such a hint. Don't you think so, Fanny?"

She, apparently, had not heard the question. At least, she took no notice of it.

"Are you in a reverie, Fan?" She made a playful cut at her sister with her switch, which touched the horse's flank and made him rear. Quick as thought Keane was out of his dog-cart and at his head. But he had tact enough not to grasp the reins till he should see whether she were mistress of him without assistance. This pleased Fanny Davenant, who piqued herself upon her skill on horseback. She acquitted herself perfeetly; and to reward Keane's forbearance rather than his devotion, condescended to say, as she patted her quieted steed's neck,-

"What was that about making amends,

Sophy?"

"Oh, Mr. Burkitt said we might easily make amends for damaging the Lady Constance's bows-and his own heart, perhaps," she added, maliciously.

"I need not say, Miss Davenant, that

"Never mind being so precise," said

Sophy, "they were words to that effect; and I said we were ready to make what amends we could. Name your terms, Mr. "But since Burkitt, and don't be exorbitant."

"I shall have to repaint the Lady Connant?" stance as well as to refit her; and I want to "I ha

change the name."

"Change the name!" cried Sophy, laugh-

ingly; "that's not very likely."

"Yes, but I do. It was a whim of my cousin's, Ned Locksley—who is gone for a Sepoy, you know—calling her the Lady Constance."

Fanny looked at him, spite of herself, with one rapid, inquiring look. He noted it, but gave no more token of having done so than of the false statement he was making about the first naming of his boat.

"I have not the honor, as he had, of Lady Constance Cranleigh's acquaintance; and it looks like a piece of affectation to keep her

name on the little craft."

"Well, but what have we to do with that, Mr. Burkitt, pray?" said Sophy. "You don't want leave from us to give your boat a new name."

"I do, though," looking full at Fanny. She colored, and drew herself up in her saddle again, uneasy as to what he might say next. Sophy saw what was passing in her sister's mind, and she, too, felt awkward for a moment. Still she must rattle through, for it was plain that her sister would not.

"I suppose you want one of us to give her a new name for you. Say, the 'Cuttle-

fish.' "

"Inky!" said Keane, and shook his head.
"I spill too much of that dark fluid when on shore, and couldn't bear to blacken the blue sea with it."

"The 'Cormorant."

"Name too near the nature of a lawyer, folks might say. No, ladies; I only want your leave to call my little craft 'The Sisters.'"

"I'm sure you've mine," cried Sophy;
"but the name's not choice in Freshet.
There's an oyster boat of Widow Skaite's of
that name in the harbor, and a collier brig
from Appleby."

"Thanks for a concession so graciously made," he answered, with a low bow of mock

solemnity.

"But what says Miss Davenant? There are two sisters to the name, remember."

"I think you might leave it the Lady Con-

"But since I will not, you do not absolutely forbid the new name, Miss Davenant?"

"I hardly know by what right I should do

Keane made another bow, as solemn as the last, without its mockery.

The Davenant girls rode on. Keane, springing into his seat again, took the reins from the groom, and drove towards Lanercost.

Queens of society in Freshet, the two sisters ruled, after all, a narrow court circle. Keane's energy and ability distinguished him within it only too easily and too favorably. Being neither ill-favored nor ill-mannered-for his selfishness was of that dangerous kind which can keep itself, at need, under vigilant self-control-he was well received by the Davenants, when, for the sake of such social distinction as it might give him, he sought their closer acquaintance. At first he divided his attentions between them with strict impartiality. Sophy's careless good-nature allowed him to gain with her a certain familiar footing, beyond which he did not care to adventure. He inclined to think her prettier than her sister; but Fanny's greater reserve roused, by degrees, his innate love of predominance. Without setting much value on the prize itself, should it be won, he could not resist the pleasure of striving for the mastery. Like a cautious engineer, he opened his first parallel at safe distance—so safe, that Fanny was in doubt whether his advances were insidious, or simply deferential. She felt but little attraction or liking towards Keane; but there was this affinity between them, that her temper had in it also some love of a mere struggle, finding therein a satisfaction apart from the resulting issue. It nettled her to feel, as she was sometimes dimly conscious of feeling, a little afraid of Keane. This consciousness provoked her to acquiesce in the growth of an intimacy against which, now and then, she would almost determine. She was not the girl to desire direct compliments to her person or her mind; yet Keane had wit enough to offer a continual and subtle flattery. Her education, though imperfect, had been ambitions, and had roused intellectual aspirations which there was little to satisfy in the common tone of the young men around her.

Keane noted and profited by this. His acuteness readily caught up hints of the drift of her thought and study: and his lawyer-like ability in getting up a subject enabled him to win from her considerable respect for his own attainments, whilst paying in conversation a delicate deference to hers.

Thus matters stood between them up to the time of their chance meeting that afternoon on the Lanercost road. Neither the sisters nor Keane suspected what influence his drive to that village was to exercise upon their future. Keane of course, knew, what the sisters did not, and what with professional caution he kept from them, that he was driving thither in answer to a summons from their own aunt, Miss Devenant. She was a queer little old lady, whose cheeks had kept a sort of streaky withered bloom, such as some apples keep long after Christmas time. Her eyes were bright and restless; her little figure erect; her footstep light and quick; her voice thin and clear. She was counted neither very sociable nor very shy; neither very amiable nor very cross; neither very rich nor very poor. She lived in a cottage rather smaller than her estimated income might have warranted, but for her combined love of cats and china. The crashes which her animate pets produced at times among her pets of still-life never disturbed her temper, so equally were her affections balanced between them; but they must frequently have produced a crisis in her exchequer. The broken porcelain was always replaced, no matter at what cost of money or of trouble, as exactly as circumstances would allow. One rule was invariable: if no perfectly resembling substitute was to be found, at least no inferior was ever tolerated. Exchange, like that of glebe land, must be for the better or not at all; the novelty must needs be costlier than the loss it repaired.

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"Keane, my dear," said the little old lady after the first civilities had passed between them, "you must tell your groom to put up at the Swan. Your horse can't wait about all the afternoon. I shall keep you some time."

He went towards the door to give his man directions.

"But Keane, my dear, the man sha'n't sit in the tap-room. Tell him he may come in here to tea, if he don't smell of tobacco."

Keane was not so very much surprised at her terms of endearment. Though he had never had much to do with her, he had known her all his life; and she had on all occasions taken a caressing tone towards him. But when his dog-cart had driven off, and he was seated on a very slight stiff seat in the drawing-room,—for Miss Davenant sat in one arm-chair, and three puffy kittens, on no account to be disturbed, were nestled on the other,—she suddenly accosted him in terms which almost made him open his eyes wide, an unusual practice with him.

"Keane, my dear, you may not be aware that you ought by rights to have been my

son, and not your mother's."

"Indeed!" he said, not without misgiv-

ings as to the old lady's sanity.

"You may well say 'indeed;' but Isabella Keane—Burkitt that now is—knows it as well as I do."

"You don't mean to say so, my dear madam?" said Keane; because he couldn't think of any thing else on earth to say.

"I always say what I mean," she an-

swered, primly.

This was not to be gainsaid, so Keane

held his peace.

"Not that your dear fathar and I were ever positively engaged," she resumed, "nor indeed that he ever made me exactly an offer; but I always have thought, and will think, that it was in his mind to do so, till he came across Isabella Keane, your mother that now is."

The old lady spoke in the most matter-offact way, as if Keane had really undergone

a change of maternal parentage.

"What's more, it was always in my mind, and is so, to have accepted him when he should ask me; so that I should have been your mother, Keane, my dear, by right, you see."

Sane or not, she was perfectly self-possessed. No emotion seemed to quiver in

her chirping little voice.

"I always loved your father as long as he was alive; and I have always liked you for his sake, since you were born; not your mother though. But I forgave her, a little bit, when she lost poor James."

The kittens woke up, and began a game of romps, during which one of them rolled on to the floor.

"Poor, dear little pussy!" cried Miss Davenant, catching it up and fondling it.

"The long and short of it is, my dear, that I want to make my will; and as I hear you are a firstrate man of business now, and as I think you will deal fairly with me for your father's sake, I have sent for you to tell me how to set about it."

This was coming to the point, and was a great relief to Keane, who produced a pocket-book.

"I am sure, dear madam, I deeply feel your personal kindness towards me, and you will find, I trust, that, professionally, your confidence is not misplaced. If you will allow me to take down the heads of your intentions, that is, unless you may have memoranda of your own prepared, eh? No. Then, as I said, I will take down rough notes, put them into shape to-morrow or next day, and do myself the honor of waiting upon you with a draft."

"Yes, well, I suppose you will have to do something of the sort, my dear. But not quite so straight off: though I have no doubt you are very clever at business matters: your father always was. There's a good deal to get at-about those Mexican mines, for instance."

"Yes, a bad business most times. hope you have not been 'bitten hard,' as we say in business."

"Oh, dear me, no; my mines turned out well for a wonder. Most of those which didn't I sold when they were well thought of. Then I have other whatyoumaycall'em. ' security,' things of different sorts. I believe you'll find I'm very rich, my dear, when all's reckoned."

"I am sure I hope I may; but nine times out of ten, when I look into people's money matters I find them poorer than they took themselves to be."

"That's not the case with me, you may depend upon it. Shall you have time to look through my papers, or will you do it another day?"

"No time like the present," said the cautious Keane, looking at his watch. "We I'm over office hours."

"Come into the dining-room, then. You shall have short-bread and sherry whilst you look through the documents in my tin case."

It was of the shape and size of many on Burkitt and Goring's shelves; but heavier than he had expected. As he lifted it from under the sideboard on to the dining-room table, it crossed his mind that there might be china plates packed up in it. Miss Davenant's name was in fat white letters out-

Fidgeting in her pocket for the key of the padlock, she said,-

"My poor old man of business, that was, is dead, up in London, and I wouldn't let strangers have any thing to do with my affairs; so I sent for the box, and here it is. I can trust you, my dear, I feel, for your father's sake."

But when the lid was open, Keane opened his eyes again, wider and wider after inspection of every fresh handful of paper and parchments.

"Why, Miss Davenant, excuse me, your man of business was a very good one; or you are a very good woman of business yourself."

"A little of both, perhaps. I have never been extravagant in any thing but porce-

There was no confusion. All was docketed, endorsed, and ticketed: all tied with pink tapes, some pale with age, some with the blush of recent manufacture on them. Long before Keane had found his way to the under layers with the most faded ties, he was fairly overwhelmed with astonishment at the old woman's wealth.

"Excuse me, my dear madam; but I had no idea your property was so considerable."

"No, nor had anybody, but me and my old man of business, that's dead and gone, you know. No one shall have now, but you and me, my dear."

"You may count, of course, on my discretion as on your own, Miss Davenant."

"Just so, my dear. Do you like the caraway comfits on the short-bread, or the bits of candied lemon best, eh?"

"Varanas Viejas! Why, my dear madam those are the best things in 'silvers' going now-a-days. I saw them, only yesterday, don't dine till eight; and if we did, they quoted at a stunning premium in the Times' know my ways too well to wait for me, when city article. One, two, three, four, five, of the original 'coupons' too. How on earth her to that extent. There's your aunt, now, did you get hold of them?"

"Ah, well, never mind that now, my dear. They were in a bad way once, after Garboga's insurrection, I can tell you. But you are too young even to have heard of that. Good Mr. Gossett lost heart himself about them, and said I might make them into spills to light my taper with; but I didn't you see: and I was right, and he was wrong, my

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Keane gave her a look of unfeigned respect and admiration, not so much even for the wealth, as for the wit that had won it.

She brought him pen, ink, and paper, for the matter had grown beyond the limits of his little pocket-book, and he proceeded with an enumeration of the different valuable securities.

"I never use all my dividends," she said, when it was drawing to a close; "so the banker's book shows a balance, as you shall see."

A balance, indeed! Whose could such expectations be? "I must next ask, whether your intended dispositions are intricate, Miss Davenant?"

"Oh, dear, no. The simplest in the world. There are the cats; of course I shall do nothing extravagant or eccentric for them. I've never been reckoned either, and don't mean to be when I'm dead and gone, you know. Seventy pounds a year each to my own maid, my cook, and housemaid. These three must divide any surviving cats between them, and shall have £5 a year for each pussy for its lifetime. That's moderate. Then there's yourself."

Keane looked up and fairly stared this

time. His very pulses quickened.

"Yes, I shall leave you just £1,000 for every year that I may live after the will is signed, my dear. The more years I live the larger figures before the noughts, you know. I shouldn't like you to long for my death at all. See you make that part clear, eh."

"And the bulk of the property, Miss

Davenant?"

"No, not so fast, my dear, there's the china? Who shall have the china? I should be almost as sorry to have it badly treated as the cats. Do you know any one who is fond of old china? Not your mother. I know she is; but I haven't quite forgiven est brother, George: indeed my only re-

your father, James' sister, Lucy, does she like old china, think you?"

"To be sure she does, intensely," said Keane, who knew nothing at all about it; but thought he might get credit with Aunt Lucy sooner or later for the legacy.

"Well, your aunt shall have it. Lucy Burkitt that was, Locksley that now is; put

that down."

"All right, madam. And the bulk of the property?"

"Will be divided, of course, between my two nieces, Fanny and Sophy Davenant."

Well might he determine on doubly gilt gold letters for "The Sisters" on the stern of his redecorated sailing-boat.

"Equally divided, I presume, dear madam ? "

"Wrong, my dear, as nine presumptions out of ten are. I shall make an heiress; for I detest equality. It's a French revolutionary notion. And I look upon all such

as wicked and-bloodthirsty."

"Gold thirsty would seem to fit this case better than bloodthirsty, Miss Davenant," said Keane, affecting jocularity to hide the tremulous concern which had come upon him, succeeding the wild expectation that the mention of his own name had roused. Of which sister would she make an heiress? That was indeed a momentous question. Though she could not suspect that he had any, the remotest, personal interest in asking; yet he feared to betray himself to her in putting the next necessary question.

"It shall be two-thirds to one of the girls:

only one to the other," she said.

"It will, of course, be necessary to specify which of the young ladies is to take the larger share under the will, Miss Davenant."

"Certainly. But there's no need to put any names in the draft. They can be filled in after. I don't know that I've made my mind up yet."

"I should have thought you were a stickler for 'primogeniture,' Miss Davenant, with your anti-French revolutionary feelings."

"There's something in that, my dear: a good deal, indeed. 'First come first served:' sound enough sense, I say."

"And your executors?"

"Yourself and the girls' father, my young-

maining one. A bit more short-bread, or another glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you; though both are excellent. What day would be convenient for me to wait upon you with the rough copy of the draft?"

"Any: the sooner the better. Remember there's one thing I must insist upon."

"Which is?"

"The strictest secrecy. I don't want my nieces to be wishing me dead any more than yourself, my dear."

"Do I look like a man to let a client's affairs leak out, Miss Davenant?"

The little old lady eyed him curiously, then said at last,—

"Not a bit, my dear."

Keane's dog-cart was soon bowling home again. French revolutionists did indeed abolish the laws of primogeniture. Miss Davenant thought those revolutionists both wicked and bloodthirsty. Mr. Keane Burkitt stood upon some vantage ground, though never so narrow, with Miss Fanny Davenant. That young lady was her aunt's elder niece. A man of business has many things to think about. They seemed to reach the town turnpike in no time. Yet when he got home his uncle and aunt both said,—

"You have nearly starved us all, Keane, you are so late home to dinner, to-day."

less curious phenomenon than a fresh-water spring bubbling up in the midst of the ocean. It is situated about eight miles from the shore, on the coast of Florida. Seen from a distance it has the appearance of a breaker, boiling up with great violence, and has conbtless been often noticed and avoided by vessels, who upon nearing it have hastily put about from, as they thought, imminent danger, and reported seeing a rock with water breaking over it. There is, however, no danger in its vicinity, as there are five fathoms of water between it and the shore; ten fathoms of water are found to the seaward, but no bottom can be reached with the deep sea lead and thirty fathoms of line at the spring itself. The Hurriet Lane, a revenue cutter on the coast, has passed through it several times, and water has been drawn from it by a bucket thrown over the side. It is quite fresh and by no means unpalatable to the taste.

MESSRS. BLACKIE have completed the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under the editorship of Professor Traill. The first edition of this work, edited by Mr. William Smellie, was published in 1771. Eighteen years afterwards, 1789, a second edition was produced, followed by a third edition in 1797, on a much more extended plan. In 1810, Dr. James Miller edited the fourth edition, when the work was still farther enlarged. In the fifth and sixth editions but little change was made; but in 1830, when the copyright had come into the possession of the present proprietor, the seventh edition was commenced, under the care of Mr. Macvey Napier, on a still more extended scale. The pres-

AUTHENTIC accounts have reached us of a no ent edition was commenced in 1852, up to which see curious phenomenon than a fresh-water tring bubbling up in the midst of the ocean. It situated about eight miles from the shore, on constant of Elegisle. Seen from a distance it

THE present seems to be pre-eminently a color-making age, and the raw material appears to be connected in some mysterious way with the production of gas. An offensive smelling oil accompanying tar in the preparation of this illuminating agent has proved, in the hands of clever chemists, a fruitful source of terrifically long names and beautiful coloring matters. Coal tar has thus given to science bodies rejoicing in the euphonious names of cyantriphenyldiamine, biethylenebiphenyldiamine, methylethylamylphenylammonium; whilst at the same time it has given to commerce the magnificent coloring bodies, named azuline, roseine, emeraldine, violine, etc. Another waste product in the manufacture of gas is now commencing to bear fruit in a similar manner, and as a first contribution has yielded a scarlet of such permanence and intensity as will bid fair to eclipse the coal-tar series of colors. The new claimant for tinctorial honors is naphthaline, a solid crystalline body, which is produced in enormous quantities in gas-works, but which has not yet found any useful application. A theoretical relationship between this body and alizarine, the gorgeous coloring matter of madder, has been, on more than one occasion, pointed out; but the great problem of the easy conversion of the waste product, which can be obtained at an almost nominal price by the ton, into a coloring body which has lately been sold at two shillings per grain, has only just been accomplished.

firmer of a real part I have a reason to see the

From The Examiner. ANDALUSIAN TALES.

To the collections of popular tales of divers countries, which we have already named, we may add, though the date on its title-page is 1859, the "Cuentos y Poesias populares" of Andalusia, collected by the lady who assumes the name of Fernan Caballero. The collection was suggested by Grimm's note upon the wealth of Spanish legend, that has not yet been brought to book. Of the popular poetry Trueba has given many a transcript; Don José Maria Goizueta has made a collection of the Traditions and Songs of the Basques, and here is a clever lady who retains the phrase and manner of the Andalusians-there is no vulgarity, in a mean sense, in any form of provincial Spanish—while she repeats all she has heard of Andalusian song or story. The tales are for the most part humorous, often dashed with Catholicism, and animated with a halfmalicious love of mischief. The family likeness of many of them to stories that are to be found in Grimm's collection and elsewhere is very distinct, but equally distinct are the turns of local character that fit them to the Spanish soil. There is a story, for example, in Grimm of "Three Spinners" answering to the Andalusian tale of the Souls,-which, as we here find it, curiously illustrates among other things the lowness of the morality sustained by superstition :-

Once upon a time there was a poor old woman who had a good and very pious niece, blindly obedient to her, but shy and stupid. What, thought the poor woman, would happen to my niece if at my death she were unmarried? Now the aunt had a neighbor who took lodgers, and among her lodgers was a rich Indiano (that is the Spanish form of nabob, enriched in the West instead of the East Indies, or in South America), and the rich Indiano, it was said, was well disposed to take to wife a well-bred, industrious, and active girl. The aunt, when she heard this, went directly to the cavalier and told him what a jewel of a niece, she had, a girl active enough to catch a swallow flying. "Very well, I'll come and see her," said the nabob. He did come, next morning, and the first thing he asked the girl was whether she could spin. "Spin indeed!" said the aunt for her, " she'll twist a thread as soon as you will drink a glass to the Blessed Souls, and asked them to her

of water." "What have you done, Señora!" said the niece, when the rich cavalier was gone away, leaving her three bundles of flax to prove her skill upon. "What have you done. Señora! You know that I can't spin." "Let be," said the old woman. "We must always make ourselves out better than we are, and leave the rest to God. How else should we get on?" "It is a wicked business," the niece said, weeping. And she wept in her room at night, commending herself to the protection of the Blessed Souls, that she had in especial reverence.

Whilst she prayed three Souls clothed in light and wonderful in beauty appeared to her and told her not to vex herself, for they would help her in return for all the good she had done them by her prayers. Each took a bundle of flax, and in a twinkling had it spun into a thread fine as a hair.

Next day, when the nabob came, he was amazed at the girl's skill and industry. "Didn't I tell your noble worship so?" bragged the old woman. The cavalier asked whether the girl could sew. "Sew indeed," the aunt answered for her. "A needle in the hand or a cherry in the mouth would be all one to her." The nabob gave her linen to be made into three shirts, and as it was with the spinning so it was with the sewing. So it was also on the next following day and night with the embroidering of a fine waistcoat. Only that on the third night the Souls said to the girl: "Don't vex yourself. We will do the embroidering, but upon one condition,—that you ask us to your wedding." "What," cried the girl amazed, "and am I to be married too!" "Yes," said the Souls, "you are to be the wife of that rich Indiano." So it was. For when the cavalier saw that the waistcoat was embroidered so magnificently as almost to blind him with its splendor, he said to the aunt that she must let him have her niece in marriage.

Aunt was delighted, but the girl said to her, "O Señora, what will become of me when my husband finds out that I can do nothing ?" "Pooh, nonsense," the aunt said, "Trust the Blessed Souls who have got you out of other hobbles to find you a way also out of that."

The wedding-day was fixed, and on the eve of it the bride went to an altar dedicated

wedding. So at the wedding, when the fes- | man and asked why her eyes started out of tival was at its height, there came into the room three old women so excruciating in their ugliness that the bridegroom, struck with horror, opened his eyes wide and couldn't shut them. One had an arm too short and an arm too long that she dragged after her upon the ground; the second had a humped back and a crooked body. The third had eyes that started from her head, worse than a crab's, and were as red as two crab-apples. "Jesus Maria!" shrieked the bridegroom, "Who are these scarecrows?" "Friends of my father," the bride said, "whom I invited to the wedding."

The cavalier, being of good breeding, then offered them seats and entered into conversation with them. "Tell me, madam, I pray you," he said to the first, "why you have one arm so short and one so long ?" "Dear son," said the old woman, "that comes of my having spun so much." Then up rose the Indiano, slipped to his wife's side, and said to her, "Go instantly and burn your distaff and spindle. Let me never see you spin."

Then he inquired of the second old woman why she was so hump-backed and crooked? "Dear son," she answered, "that comes of so much bending over the embroidery frame." The nabob took three leaps to the side of his bride. "Upon the spot burn your embroidery frame, and let it never in your life again enter your head to embroider!"

After this he turned to the third old wo- Andalusians.

her head and were so red? "Dear son," she replied, twisting her eyes round like a top as she spoke, "that comes of much sewing and bending over needlework." The words were hardly out of her mouth before the nabob was by his wife's side again, and said to her, "Take your needles and your threads and throw them down the well, and mind well that on the day I see you with a needle and thread in your hand, I divorce you. For the wise man takes warning by the hurt of others."

So the helpful Souls, for they were the old women, saved their worshipper from all her trouble.

The collection from which we tell this tale includes among many good stories a dramatic proverb expressing the popular Spanish notion of the worldly way out of perplexities, "Ver venir, dejarse ir, y tenerse allá"-Let come, let go, and withhold one's self; which rule of "gray grammar" is the exact opposite to national sentiment in England. But the large dramatic element in Spanish folk lore the editor has found it necessary, as a whole, to exclude from her collection. There are anecdotes, jests, and a rhymed peasant's calendar. In verse also there are moral couplets, lullabies, love and war songs of labor, rhymed jests, satires, and epigrams. With some of the lullabies and other songs the editor gives also the music that shows how they are sung by the

The Cottage History of England. By the Author | which certainly does at least full justice to the of "Mary Powell." London: Hall, Virtue | merit of the smaller work. and Co.

This little book is designed to introduce into kitchens and cottages a knowledge of some of the leading events in English history. If it ever penetrates into the places which it is intended to reach, it may possibly carry out its purpose to some extent. In an apologue prefixed to the preface the author implies that her history occupies the same place, in relation to those of Hume and Macaulay, that a penny tart does to roast mutton and baked potatoes, a comparison

The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Long-fellow: including his Translations and Notes. London : H. G. Bohn.

This is, as far as we know, the only edition which contains, in one volume, the whole of Longfellow's poetical works. It is illustrated by twenty-four engravings, which neither add to nor detract from the value of the book to any material degree.

From Blackwood's Magazine. HADES.

COWPER! thy lines of tenderness so deep Pierce home, and many times have made me weep.

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In heart those darling lineaments I see,
And feel that I am like yet unlike thee;
Like in my loss; unlike, because in vain
I seek an outward charm to soften pain,
And in the wide world never more can find
Fit semblance of the form which haunts my
mind.

Nor aught presenting visibly and well
The consecrated Past wherein I dwell.
Deluding fancies, even while they gleam,
Melt like the faery frostwork of a dream.
Hark! the familiar footsteps round me fall!
See, a still shadow moves along the wall!
Low murmurs in the air, more felt than heard
Linger prophetic of some wished-for word
'Tis a vain instinct both of eye and ear.
Fond dreamer, cease—thou hast no mother here.

My father, I remember to this day,
And shall remember till I pass away,
How, on an evening, in a happier time—
And, I half think, in some more blessed clime—
In the dim silence thou didst turn to me,
Not worthy of my mother nor of thee,
And, with a manly tear upon thy cheek,
Of this sweet strain in moving accents speak—
Ah me! thy closing words, how deep they
dwell—

"Such is thine own dear mother—guard her well."

And did I guard her, I, thy careless son?
O Heaven, the world of duties left undone!
The chill dark grave that closes over men
Hath taught me many things I knew not then.
Scarcely remains a memory within,
But, weighed and sifted, it reveals a sin.

Better by far it seemed to me, when first I knew hope darkened and my life reserved, And, rudely snatched from wondering unbelief, Saw, front to front, the ghastliness of grief,—Better by far it seemed, a thing worth choice, A God-sent gift, a reason to rejoice, If I had lost thee in my tender years, When grief, though keen, is charmed to rest by

And through the world, thenceforth, our souls

Enough to soften, not enough to pain;
Since no remorse for hard things done or said
Mars the remembrance of a parent dead.
For later on, dark records graven deep
Add their own anguish to the loss we weep;
And a misused or ineffectual Past
Claims a severe repentance to the last.
Follies we held in no account before,
Seen in their meaning pierce us to the core.
Neglected sympathies of mutual prayer,
Words left unsaid that might have soothed a

care,
The light acceptance, in some heedless hour,
Of tokens heavy with affection's power,
And all the coldnesses that mar our youth,
Rise in the stern investiture of truth,

And haunt us with a load of vain regret—
God may forgive, we never can forget.
Surely, I thought, too late, or far too soon,
Heaven hath reclaimed the unutterable boon.
Just when I seemed to feel, to comprehend,
And in life's mysteries to discern an end;
Just when my long-reluctant heart began
Some faint yet genuine recompense to plan;
Just when I learned to understand thy worth,
Thou, my one care, was taken from the earth.
So, 'mid the wreck of visions overthrown,
Robbed of my former self, I stand alone.
Inly I gazed upon the saddening scene
Of that which is, and that which might have
been,
And um w spirit hoard a life-long grief

And in my spirit hoard a life-long grief, To all unenviable—of mourners chief; Doomed to grow old, and fall beneath the sun, In dire deliberation self-undone.

Better by far it seemeth to me now In meek submission unreserved to bow, Thanking the love that left thee here so long, Nor joined thee earlier to that purer throng. I would not change my wretchedness to-day For all that earth can give or take away. No cold philosophy can unteach this-More pain is more capacity for bliss. Never had any labor, any art, Fathomed the meaning of a mother's heart, Had not my life through many a troubled scene, Felt what the absence of that heart can mean. Scarce could a gentler loss my spirit bring To trace love yearnings in a little thing, And how affection moveth as she may In each sweet office of a common day, How through weak tasks heroic actions shine, And one brief clause makes drudgery divine. All this, and more, that once seemed idle breath, Came with conviction from the couch of death. So, amid all the complex web of chains Earth round me weaves, thy influence yet remains;

So have I learned to love thee more and more; So have I known thee closer than before; So can I half rejoice thy race is run, Since every moment makes me more thy son; So may I meet thee, in the home on high, Ten thousand-fold a mother when I die!

And if of absence I could speak, forgive— The phrase not lower than the lips doth live. Not now the courses of my mind afar Roam in uneasy doubt from star to star, And wildly question earth and wandering wave If all indeed be ended in the grave. In calm, in pain, in waking, and in sleep, All day, all night, I feel thy presence deep. More than the life I breath art thou to me, Though unbeheld by gross mortality. For all the fetters of the iciest charm, Only the tangible might Death disarm. That spirit which, even in terrestrial flight, Was strange and admirable and infinite, Is it not now the same, yet mightier still, Free to go out and to return at will? Is freedom blind of memory above? Or shall the free remember, and not love,

* Herbert.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE.

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Or, loving, smile in absence evermore, Coldly debarred from all they felt before? For me, I doubt not, though no human eye Pierces that interval of mystery, Lying in cloud, with dark conjectures rife, Beyond the gates of that which we call life, That still the dead behold me night and day, Still hear my words, and, watching in my way, Smile, if my deeds have worth and single scope, Full of high sympathy and God-like hope, True hope, not now akin to doubt and fear-While daily I draw nearer and more near.

Limnèd upon the heart in lines more true, More moving-sweet, than ever pencil drew, Still will I cherish thee from youth to age, Dearest companion of my pilgrimage. Pleasant it is to trace each well-known scene, Musing in silence where thy feet have been, And to be able, when my soul is drear, To feel "A mother's lips have spoken here; Here the flower withers, and the leaf falls dead, But that dear speech can never be unsaid." Nor only thus-but every room hath grown Impregnate with a memory of its own. Here, kneeling with clasped hands about her chair,

We murmur lispingly our childish prayer; Here anger died before her accents mild, And brother was to brother reconciled; Or kind rebuke, urged lovingly apart, Drew generous tears, and changed the weeper's

Here, worn with watching, anxious and alone, She calmed her sick one's suffering with her own,

Soother of pain, wherever pain might be, Not for me only, but the most for me. Often, a subtil anguish to assuage, I turn, for thought, to some poetic page; But from the first blank leaf before me rise These words, "A mother's gift," and dim my

eyes; Three little words-yet meaning vast they bear, Owned by my heart the sweetest poem there. Writ with a tale whose sameness cannot pall, That one blank leaf is more divine than all; Yet all in their degree the charm partake, And lofty verse grows loftier for her sake. So, while I feed upon each hidden theme, And link each spot with its peculiar dream, From my rapt being falls off the crust defiled, And once again I am a little child. Henceforth, though good desires in frailty melt, I cannot wholly lose what I have felt. There lives, though planted in a barren place, A love which is the hate of all things base. Deeds foully done, my mother, which should be A barrier guilt between my soul and thee, Come laden with such agonies intense, And fettered with so dire a consequence, That still I cannot do them, if I would-One hope preserves me negatively good. Oh, may I more and more that hope enfold, Who the true substance lightly held of old! Though in my breast there beats a wavering

I feel that I have power to please thee still;

will,

Cometh unuamable the hour of hours, Rich with all wealth to which our hopes aspire, Acme of all experience, all desire, When faithful eyes that hunger for the light Feel all the wonders of God's world in sight. Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor spirit known, What there the Lord will offer to his own. Yet certain is it that no doubt or fears Thither ascend, no partings and no tears. Then may I see the Highest face to face ! Then may I know thee in thine own true place! There with changed lips may I thy kindness And thine no longer shall be answerless.

And Christ, in mercy to my soul, with thine

Hath made his own pure service to combine.

Hence, by a road not wholly without flowers,

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I do for him whate'er is done for thee-

How vast a boon for frail humanity!

THE WEATHER LAST WEEK.

WHAT is that faint and melancholy note, Borne feebly on the sharp east wind, Whose eager blast bites through our overcoat, With down of eider thickly lined? It sounded forth of yonder clump of oak, Darkling beneath the laden sky; Through the bare twigs some plaintive creature spoke.

It was the Cuckoo's cry! That timid thrill outpoured from yonder brake! Ah! can it be the Nightingale That broken jug! That interrupted shake! The breeze cuts short the poor bird's tale, The Throstle, too, as though for cold in pain, High perched upon the leafless tree, Attempts a fitful and a dreary strain, Sung in a minor key.

There's one, an only, Swallow to be seen; With feeble wing the straggler flies. hat doeth he out in this air so keen, Unless he flies for exercise? On such a day no gnat will stir for him: All insects find it much to cool: He would not catch one midge, were he to skim The nearly frozen pool.

The Redbreast shivers o'er her callow brood; The shrunk, nipped buds, her nest reveal. Cocksparrows cannot find their children food; No caterpillar for a meal!

The badger, dormouse, hedgehog, squirrel creep All into their respective holes: This merry May sends all such things to sleep, A May as at the Poles!

Ah, how I pity birds and beasts that roam Unsheltered save by fern and brier! I know what I shall do; I shall go home, Draw down the blinds; make up a roaring fire :

Command a basin of hot soup, and dine On Christmas beef; and, having fed, Brew for myse'f a tankard of spiced wine; Have that,d go to bed.

-Punch, 18 May.

From The Spectator, 8 June. YOUNG AMERICA AT PARIS.

WE have earned our right to a candid hearing, when we remonstrate with the foreign representatives of the American Government on the perverse and suicidal policy which they have recently been pursuing. We at least have uniformly expressed the warm sympathy which is felt by the great mass of the English people with the Northern cause, and we do not believe that a few hasty and rather blustering speeches even from those who seem to represent the official mind of the Federal Government will have the power to wean English sympathy either from the cause or the party which represents it. But nevertheless we must speak from the very depth of our sympathy with that cause, a few words of warning to those who so grievously neglect its true interests. If there be a policy by which they can so far play into the hands of their adversaries as to paralyze for a moment the popular sympathy in England, and to change the hesitating attitude of the press into one of fixed damaging intent, it is the policy they are now adopting of hesitating principle, unworthy flattery to the French despot, and blustering defiance to English statesmen. On slavery they are still quite too reticent; on Napoleonism they almost fawn; on England they openly frown, muttering challenges and maledictions. The Union has hitherto gained credit for the most able and acute diplomatists in Europe—surely, it will not be from the date of the first Republican Administration that that reputation will begin to decline? At present we must say that they have spoken, and spoken very unwisely, where silence would have been the truest dignity, and that, having spoken, they have omitted to say almost the only important thing which it would be well for the Republican party openly to proclaim. First, then, if those who can claim to represent the Republican party really wish to excite the full sympathy of England, it would be well for them to accept rather more distinctly the great issue on which our sympathy depends. We can understand the Union feeling-the true national feeling-in the United States, and heartily condemn the calculating treachery of the seceders. But, sincere as this feeling is, we certainly could never be expected as a nation to indulge in any profound grief over the break-down of a democratic constitution which we never affected to admire. On that ground, though we feel sincere relittle political rivalry where the old machin- we fear he can scarcely intend to convey

ery seemed to work so ill. To talk with Mr. Cowdin of the national Union being formed not for Americans alone, but for "the whole family of man," or even with Mr. Burlingame, of its being the "noblest which ever shed its blessings on mortal man," is simply American rodomantade. least, do not think so, and if English sympathy is to be heartily enlisted it cannot be on the mere constitutional aspects of the struggle. And the Republicans would do well to look further than this even as regards their own support at home. The Union feeling is strong, but alone it will scarcely give birth to an endless crop of militiamen or volunteers to supply the place of those who fall in an internecine strife. Unless a greater issue is distinctly raised, and the people learn that they are fighting for a final condemnation of slavery in the civilized world, the requisite spirit of self-sacrifice may not be easily maintained. No great civil war has ever been sustained long in modern times without something deeper than a political issue. In England and in France religious enthusiasm, and that alone was powerful enough to draw the middle and lower classes in hosts into the ranks: and the slavery cause, which is essentially a religious issue, will alone be found strong enough to feed the zeal of the Northern freemen. If the Republican diplomatists are to open their lips to England and the world, it is a pity they do not take more defined ground on this head.

Next, if they deliberately wish to soil their pure cause, not merely in England, but in Europe, they could not do better than fawn upon Louis Napoleon and accept his system as the natural outcome of popular institutions. When Mr. Cassius Clay recalls the old alliance between France and America against England, and reminds the emperor that the exile of St. Helena is unavenged, we smile at his clumsy diplomacy. But when he apologizes for the French system almost in the language of panegyric, it is hard to realize that he is indeed the man who has sacrificed so much in the cause of freedom. It is not pleasant to English ears to hear the question, "Does any man venture to say that the French of to-day have paid too much in treasure and blood for the liberties they now enjoy, which this great people and the great chief of their choice equally recognize? And though Mr. Clay tells us in the next sentence, in that august style to which Mr. Dickens has accustomed us, that gret, we can pretend to no national emotion, this "world-wide statesman and philanthroand were not the cause of the struggle one pist, waiting upon nature, and following of far deeper principle, we should probably upon the fading footprints of the ages, withwatch with equanimity the experiment of a holds the hand of rash propagandism," yet covertly, through the metaphor of this truly unparalleled procession, his conviction that the emperor of the French is far behind not only the present age but all the ages, their very footprints having begun to fade before he follows in their track. We fear he means only to indulge in meaningless, hyperbolic flattery. If so, we say emphatically that the North injures its cause by such solicitations

for an unnatural alliance.

Again, if the Northern statesmen really wish, as we believe they do, for honest English sympathy, they should not, in their temporary irritation at the sneers of the Times and the neutral policy of Lord John Russell, do their best to supply the small Southern party here with stinging weapons against the friends of freedom. Self-restraint seems almost unknown to these gentlemen. What can be grosser ignorance, or more deliberate misrepresentation than to say, as the American minister to Austria does, that Lord John Russell had compared the Federal Government to Turks, and the Confederate States to the revolutionary Greeks? The question being, whether we were to consider the ships of the Southern States as pirates fighting under no national flag, or as belligerents, Lord John Russell simply said that the only guiding precedent was the case of Greece, where we had decided that the revolutionary ships must be treated not as pirates, but The parallelism, as any as belligerents. child could see, extended in no way to the question of right, but only to the question of law. Mr. Burlingame is little fitted to discuss international questions in the name of his Government, if he can either blunder so atrociously, or wilfully misrepresent Lord John's meaning so grossly as he did in Paris the other day. He should remember that it is a far graver task to uphold the reputation of his Government for fairness and candor in Europe, than "to unfold the beautiful banner of his country in the beams of the setting sun," an achievement which appears to constitute his chief, though certainly not his best, assignable reason for honoring Colonel Fremont. When will Americans learn that Europeans find it difficult to believe in the serious convictions of men who play with words so glaringly and often so unscrupulously as they do

Finally, we would seriously remind our American friends, that though English sympathy goes heartily with their cause,-so heartily that Mr. Clay's foolish fancy about our lending support to the South would never occur to any English statesman-vet its expression will be inevitably checked by this blustering language: and it is the hearty expression of our sympathy which will best

however heartily he wishes them success, will express his wish under threats and menances, on pain of seeing an Americo-French alliance, and a glorious revenge for Waterloo and St. Heleha. We may laugh at such nonsense, but we shall not choose the time of its utterance to cheer on the North. trust we may hear no more of this foolish bluster, which seals the lips and paralyzes the efforts of the most enthusiastic English friends of the Northern States.

From The Economist, 8 June.

[This paper is in the commercial and manufacturing interest.]

PROBABILITIES OF THE STRUGGLE IN AMERICA.

THE prospects opened by the American disruption grow wider, but do not grow clearer, day by day. We see new issues, new possibilities, new dilemmas, but passion and bombast combine to throw a sort of hazy fog over the whole scene. We can dimly perceive fresh secessions rising in the distance, unexpected complications of the social problem at home, unforeseen perplexities in relations abroad. Some results are already absolutely certain; others become hourly more probable; but in spite of all that is written for our enlightenment by Americans here, and all that comes to us across the water, we are as far as ever from understanding what is really aimed at, or what can possibly be achieved, by either belligerent. The South speaks of "the worse than Austrian despotism " of the Free States. The North speaks of the "insolent rebellion and presumptuous demands" of the Slave States. Both parties (as has been tersely said) explain very clearly why they are fighting, but not at all what they are fighting for. The South says it is arming to enforce the right of secession-which, whether "a right" or not, has already become a fact which can neither be refuted nor undone;—and the North says it is arming to subdue the rebellion of the South-though, till excitement grew into the blind passion it has now become, the notion of absolute conquest and subjugation was either not named or was explicitly abjured. Its orators merely insisted on "repossessing" Federal property, which must be resold or restored as soon as the severance, already actual, shall have been formally acknowledged.

Now, however, that the accredited representatives of the United States have begun to declaim with confidence on the imminent conquest and coercion of the South, we must give a word or two to what certainly seems a wild hallucination. We in England, whatserve the American cause. No Englishman, ever be our wishes, cannot bring ourselves to believe in the possibility of such an issue. Much is said of the alleged existence, importance, and forcible suppression of a strong Unionist minority in the seceded states, and, considering inherent probability as well as the unquestionable fact of the violence habitually done to minorities in America, we have no doubt that it is said with perfect truth. As to the numbers, character, social influence, and probable action of these Unionists, we are, and must remain, wholly in the dark. It is pretty clear, however, that be they many or few, poor or rich, they have neither the courage to make their action felt at home, nor the power to make their protest heard abroad. No doubt they might raise their heads-though at infinite risk-in case of a disaster to the arms of the Southern Confederacy, or of long-continued suffering in consequence of the blockade. But in the mean time their repression is complete and their influence nil. Nor do we conceive that, even if all that is alleged as to their extent and importance as a party were true, it would render the conquest and re-incorporation of the seceded states much more likely to be effected, or much better worth attempting. After all allowances, in spite of all calculations, as the net result of the most sanguine estimates on either side, the conclusive facts will still remain—insurmountable, undeniable, and not to be explained away; -that the seceding states are now ten in number, that their aggregate white population cannot be short of eight millions; and that, of these, no one believes that fewer than five or six millions are genuine and passionate secessionists. Now, the politician who believes that five or six millions of resolute and virulent Anglo-Saxons can be forcibly retained as citizens of a republic from which they are determined to separate, or that they would be desirable or comfortable fellow-citizens if so retained, must have some standard for estimating values and probabilities which is utterly unintelligible to us. Parties who quarrel as a matter of temper may be reconciled or cooled; parties who quarrel over a question of abstract right, or about a division of profit, of property, or of spoil, may submit their claims to arbitration; subjects or sections who rebel against a recognized and powerful government may be coerced, punished, exterminated, or cowed into submission. But to subjugate, to conciliate, to terrify, or to re-embrace many millions of free men who believe themselves to constitute independent and sovereign states, who are trained to arms, who are inured to selfgovernment, who from infancy and for generations have been accustomed to tyrannize and bully, but never taught to forbear, to

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never yet been achieved, and which no sober or sane man would attempt.

But the existence of a large Unionist minority in several of the states—a fact which it is as impossible to doubt as to measurepoints, we think, to a different conclusion, and must have very important influence on the ultimate issue. It may very probably complicate secession with subdivision. Already the United States have shown marvellous aptitude for multiplication by the process which naturalists term fissiparous generation. They propagate by splitting. Not only have newly acquired territories divided and subdivided themselves into distinct states, but old states have followed or set the enticing example. Maine, if we are not mistaken, owes its separate existence to this operation. Now, in the four Border States, Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland, the Secessionist party and the Unionist party, if not equally divided, are both so powerful, that neither can carry the state into the camp it favors without exer-cising a degree of coercion over its rival, which so nearly equal a rival can scarcely be expected to tolerate. Thus, Missouri is not naturally, either by soil or climate a Slave State—that is, there is nothing in either which specially or imperatively dictates the employment of slave labor: and many of the residents are already beginning to admit that it was a mistake ever to have insisted on its introduction. Sooner or later it will, we doubt not, become free; and, considering that it has no natural or necessary boundaries—that its limits are merely an affair of maps and parchments—there seems little reason why the free-soil portion which adjoins Kansas should not annex itself to that state, leaving the slaveholders to form a new province, or to join one of their Southern neighbors. Again, why should the Kentucky Unionists be overborne by the Kentucky Secessionists, or attempt to overbear them? Why need half the citizens drag over the other half to a decision in which they do not agree and a lot in which they are not willing to participate—simply because they happen to form portion of a district which has been accustomed to act as a political unit in the old Federation? Virginia, too, we know, is nearly equally divided in opinions and sympathies. Virginia is slaveholding and secessionist. West Virginia is free-soil, is zealous for the Union, and is yearly becoming rich, populous, and therefore powerful at the expense of its negro-breeding co-inhabitants. Virof its negro-breeding co-inhabitants. ginia, as a whole, cannot embrace either the Northern or Southern side in the quarrel, cannot join either the old Union or the new submit, or to obey,-this is a feat which has Confederation, without inflicting an oppres-without, in fact, placing itself exactly in the same position as the aggregate Republic has been ever since this unhappy controversy commenced. United Virginia will be a picture in miniature of what the "United States" are on a great scale—a nation divided against itself. But why should Virginia remain united, or continue to constitute one political integer? East Virginia has just the same right and just the same motive, to separate from Western Virginia, as the South has to separate from the North. The original connection in each case was partly accidental, partly traditional, partly spontaneous: - in each case, as in every case in America, the will of the people was, and must always be, the supreme and inappellable tribunal—the ultima ratio regum. Nay, in the instance of the state, the matter is clearer than in the instance of the Federation; since there is no natural division between the North and the South; but Eastern and Western Virginia are divided

by the Alleghany range. Ultimately, we have little doubt, matters will work themselves out pretty much as nature and common sense suggest. Americans are not people to be coerced in any direction, either in their larger or their smaller subdivisions. Those whose interests or whose sympathies incline them to unite or to remain united, will do so: those whose interests or whose sympathics incline them to severance, will sever; -and no man or government will be able to say them nay. Virginia may choose to split; Missouri may hesitate for awhile; Kentucky may elect to remain obstinately neutral. But gradu-ally the problem will solve itself. The slaves in these border districts will grow more and more restless and fugitive; the more energetic, and therefore the more valuable negroes will escape into the Free States, whence no law of extradition will then deliver them up; and their masters, finding their property growing daily more precacan, and will sell their slaves South as speedily as possible. As soon as slaves cease to be a desirable property to hold in Kentucky, Missouri, East Virginia, and Maryland, they will cease to be held there; and as soon as they are sold off and disappear, these states will fall into the Northern Confederacy as a matter of course. This will be the operation of natural influences, if events are left to work themselves out in peace. If once the passions of civil war be let loose, no man can foresee the issue. If Virginia, with its half million of slaves, be made the seat of hostilities, it will be almost

sion and a wrong upon one-half of its citizens, ties to prevent the strife being complicated by the horrors of servile insurrection.

> [In an article in the same paper, upon prospects in the money market, the Economist says :-]

> There is likewise a subsidiary cause which may ultimately be very important, though, as it is of American origin, it necessarily partakes of the uncertainty of transatlantic phenomena. American capital is certainly being sent hither for investment, and if the disturbances there are of long continuance, which is the preponderating probability, it is possible that much more may be sent here for security and for profit, as we know that after 1848 so much was sent to us for similar reasons from all parts of Europe.

> From The Saturday Review, 8 June. AMERICAN INVECTIVES AGAINST ENG-LAND.

EVEN in the history of American ill-breeding and injustice, no parallel can be found for the extravagant display of causeless hostility to England by politicians who claim to represent the feeling of the North. Not a shadow of provocation has been offered by the British Government, by the press, or by public speakers. The determination to maintain practical neutrality has not been accompanied by any indication of partiality to the cause of the seceders; yet diplomatists forget the decencies of their profession to brawl against a friendly country, and the American press seems unanimous in the desire to pick a quarrel which, if the project is not baffled by the contemptuous calmness of the offended states, will have originated as much in unprincipled cunning as in vulgar malignity. Mr. Seward is probably the author of the policy which is openly avowed by some of his adherents. It is thought that the South may be won back by the opportunity of concurring in a war against the unoffending foreigner; and if rious, will be anxious to realize while they the proposed diversion is not unanimously approved, the difference of opinion may be attributed to a well-founded doubt whether Massachusetts may not be even more obnoxious than England to the leaders of the secession. Mr. Cassius M. Clay is some-what premature in threatening England with an attack from the combined arms of America and France. His political allies on the other side of the Atlantic include France in their denunciations, while they boast, with perfect sincerity, of the cordial sympathy which they receive from the other despotic governments of Europe. somewhat audacious to remonstrate against impossible for the best efforts of both par- the coldness of England, and in the same

sentence to boast of the good-will which the possible seizure of an English vessel by was felt by the United States for Russia during the Crimean war. No rashness of Northern partisanship which might have been professed by England could have conciliated the rabid animosity of American demagogues. Any language of encouragement and sympathy addressed to the Free States would probably have been regarded as a selfish incentive to that civil war which was almost universally deprecated by the friends of the Union until the commencement of the armaments at New York. Clay himself, after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and after the secession of Virginia, publicly recommended to his countrymen abject submission and acquiescence. ing veered round with popular feeling, he now threatens England with a French invasion as the penalty for refusing to assist in the subjugation of the South. With equal good sense and good temper Mr. Clay holds out as a further menace the possible abolition of slavery in the course of the struggle. The insinuation that the unanimous convictions of Englishmen are notoriously hypo-critical, is worthy of the nation which has systematically thwarted all measures for the suppression of the slave trade itself. No powerful government has ever borne from another such insolence and bad feeling as that which the exigencies of popularity have induced successive presidents and secretaries of state to exhibit towards England. The only reply in the present instance, as on many former occasions, will consist in a practical abstinence from offence and from retaliation.

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Lord John Russell announced, in conformity with common sense and with international law, that the belligerent rights of both parties in the civil war would be recognized by England. He has since declared that the government, in the exercise of its discretion, will close the ports of the empire to cruisers and privateers who might seek to bring prizes into English waters. The decision is highly favorable to the interests of the United States, as the Southern Confederation has no commercial marine to be seized or condemned, nor have its privateers any open ports of their own to which they can resort with their prizes. It may be prudent and justifiable, even at the risk of favoring one of the belligerents, to keep the maritime war at a distance from England and its dependencies; but it must be remembered that the only voluntary measure of the Government confers a great benefit on the United States. The previous decision that the Confederate flag should be respected could neither be avoided nor postponed: for it was necessary to provide for approval. The present garrison of Wash-

a Southern privateer. The demand that the forces of an organized territorial government should be treated as pirates could not have been anticipated even in dealing with American Republicans. The New York press, Mr. Clay, and the American correspondent of the Times maintain in substance that all insurgents are to be regarded as criminals beyond the pale of the law. The precedent of their own successful rebellion against England embarrasses them no more than a logical confutation satisfies a child in a passion. As all demonstration is for the present thrown away, it only remains for the English Government to pursue its own course without wasting time in verbal controversy. Yet it is wonderful that Mr. Seward's recent offer to abolish privateering can impose on the understanding of the deafest and noisiest partisan. Mr. Pierce's government deliberately refused to concur in the proposals adopted at Paris, except on a condition, in itself not unjust, which, however, was not accepted by England-whereupon Mr. Buchanan formally withdrew the offer of his predecessor. Both Mr. Marcy and General Cass avowed that it was their object to retain the right of employing privateers in any future war with England. Mr. Seward finding himself unexpectedly engaged in a contest of a different character, now affects to treat the proposals of 1856 as an open negotiation, only requiring the assent of the United States. It is evident that the discussion was terminated by Mr. Buchanan, nor is the English Government in any way bound by its former offer. Even if privateering were abolished, Mr. Jefferson Davis might insure respect for his flag by substituting regular commissions for letters of marque. Every belligerent has a right to take into his service any number of vessels belonging to private owners.

There seems to be no immediate probability of a collision between the hostile armies. In the South, the Confederate troops have succeeded in shutting out Fort Pickens from relief by sea, and the surrender of the fortress must sooner or later ensue. On the Virginia frontier, General Scott has occupied Alexandria without resistance, and the movement is only worthy of notice from the proof which it affords of the savage character of the civil war. The colonel of the United States troops was assassinated in a house which he had entered, and the troops afterwards shot some "leading secessionists" in cold blood. It is perhaps more remarkable that their exploit should be reported by a newspaper correspondent without a word of surprise or dismen, and the entire force in the neighborhood, constituting the army of operations, may perhaps include double the number. The seceders are said to be occupying Harper's Ferry in force, but their organization and plans are altogether unknown. It can scarcely be doubted that Mr. Jefferson Davis will be able, on his own soil, to oppose equal or superior numbers to any invading army; and if the estimate of his character which is formed even by his adversaries has any foundation, he will scarcely be intimidated by the tempest of braggadocio which accompanies or precedes the movements of the North. The Confederate States, may, however, not improbably lose some portion of the territory which they claim for their own. Western Virginia will declare for the Union as soon as the army is ready to protect it. Kentucky professes neutrality, or, in other words, internal division; and the notorious General Harney has negotiated, on behalf of the Federal Government, a kind of armistice with Missouri. Confident expectations are entertained that, even in the extreme South, the Union party will regain the ascendency if the seceders are defeated in the field. On the other hand, it is not improbable that an opposite tendency may display itself in the neutral Border States if the Federal troops continue to indulge themselves in the pastime of shooting leading secessionists.

It requires all the impudence of a stump orator to exaggerate the contest into a gigantic war, and at the same time to insist that there is no belligerent on the other side. Englishmen cannot shut their eyes to the fact that the Confederated States are larger and more populous than the thirteen colonies of 1776, nor can they fail to observe that the resistance is directed by leaders whom the Union itself has long accredited as statesmen. Mr. Jefferson Davis was a member of a Federal Cabinet. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Cobb were regarded as principal members of the party which had ruled the United States for a generation. Commodore Tatnall has higher claims on English regard than any officer in the Northern navy. Captain Maury's name is better known in Europe than that of any other American seaman. No prejudice, however, against Mr. Cushing of the enlistment prosecution, or General Harney of San Juan, ought to encourage a hasty conclusion that the South is as deserving of sympathy as the North. The presumption is always in favor of an established government, and Mr. Seward, although his language to England is culpable and offensive, is nevertheless fully justified in putting out the whole power of the Union

ington appears to consist of about 20,000 to coerce the seceders. The opinion which men, and the entire force in the neighborhood, constituting the army of operations, may perhaps include double the number. The seceders are said to be occupying Harper's Ferry in force, but their organization in the North consists only in the proposition that, although the seceders may be rebels and traitors, they have nevertheless undependent of the coefficients of the coefficie

From The Saturday Review, 8 June. INTERNATIONAL LAW IN AMERICA.

IT appears that about a week after President Lincoln had issued his summons to arms, Mr. Seward sent despatches to the representatives of the United States in Europe, instructing them to inform the courts to which they were accredited that the States accepted the code of maritime law which was sanctioned by the Treaty of Paris. This is represented by the friends of Mr. Seward as a very natural consequence of a change in the American Government. When the States were invited to accede to the general decision of Europe, and thus settle forever a vast number of the most vexed and dangerous questions of international law, President Pierce was in office, and Mr. Jefferson Davis was a member of his Cabinet. Now times are changed. The statesmen of the North are in power, and the mistakes of Southerners are to be corrected. We cannot, however, forget that the refusal of Mr. Marcy to accept the code of the Treaty of Paris was received with a singular unanimity of applause throughout the whole of the States, and that the cleverness with which the Cabinet had seen through the wiles of the Britisher and refused a concession peculiarly convenient to England, was considered quite as creditable at New York as at New Orleans. There is, too, no attempt to disguise that this sudden affection of Mr. Seward for the rights of neutrals was dictated by a wish to cut off from the South the resource which privateering offers to the weaker party in a maritime contest. It was hailed as a masterstroke of policy by all the supporters of the Cabinet, and the readers of the Northern press were assured that this sudden and subtle stroke of policy had in a manner checkmated Europe, and prevented all nations on this side of the Atlantic from countenancing the piratical audacity of Mr. Jefferson Davis in threatening to issue letters of marque. In a day or two, however, it seems to have dawned even on the conductors of American newspapers that what Mr. Seward had done was to accept a distinct legal position entailing certain legal consequences, and that the states of Europe, far from thinking themselves either bribed, or injured, or checkmated, would simply examine what was the exact legal position which the United States had chosen to assume. Perhaps this can scarcely be said to have done more than dimly cross the American mind; for a notion from which Englishmen are not entirely exempt seems to prevail widely there, and it is taken for granted that international law has no definite rules, and, when put to the test, is wholly useless, and can give no answer to any questions that are worth putting. The random opinions of the liquorers at a bar are supposed to be the real fountain of the practical decisions in all cases that arise between nations. Here, fortunately, we have so many historical traditions, we have been so long connected with the great European nations, and we attach so much weight to the opinion of our leading statesmen and jurists when it is once pronounced, that we are accustomed to treat international law as a reality, and to feel its importance and authority. So far as the interests of the North are concerned, the despatch of Mr. Seward seems to us very little of a masterstroke. But that is a very unimportant matter. All that we have to do is to see how we are affected by his act, and to examine what changes in our legal relations with the States he has introduced. This is a purely legal inquiry; and the results are as certain as the liability of the acceptor of a bill of exchange, or the interest of a tenant in

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No act of one belligerent can possibly affect our relations with another. At the opening of the war, the two belligerents had a code of maritime warfare which, as they were branches of the same state, happened to be the same, and neither can alter the code of the other. By recognizing the South as belligerents, we recognize that it had a right to hold and maintain those doctrines of international law which affect a belligerent, and if the particular belligerent is not bound by treaty, he is perfectly at liberty to use the ordinary belligerent right of issuing letters of marque. There can be no pretence for saying that the South is bound by the adhesion of the North to the Treaty of Paris. The very existence of war renders this impossible. Even if the change in the maritime policy of the States had been announced before war was proclaimed, yet, if it had been made on the eve and in contemplation of war, it would not have affected those against whom the war was to be carried on. We may be nearly sure that, if Mr. Seward had known that England would recognize the South as a belligerent, he would never have written his despatch. But although his despatch in no way affects our relations with the Southern Confederacy so long as war lasts, and although the South is as much at liberty to send out privateers as if

not follow that the document has no practical effect. On the contrary, it involves consequences of considerable moment to Eng-

lishmen at present.

The Government of the United States cannot accede to any one provision of the code of the Treaty of Paris without accepting all. The code was offered as a whole, and, if accepted, must be accepted as a whole. Mr. Marcy announced himself ready to agree to every clause except that abolishing privateering, but he quite understood that selection was impossible, and that the whole code must be binding if any part was to be bind-Mr. Seward has now accepted, we must therefore infer, all the provisions of this code, and one of these provisions stipulates that the flag shall cover the goods. This was not the doctrine in England before the Treaty of Paris, nor was it in America until Mr. Seward adopted it. Special treaties with most of the maritime powers of Europe have been entered into, by which the United States have agreed that the flags of those powers should cover the goods of the enemies of the United States in time of war; but no such treaty existed with England. Mr. Seward has now put us on a level with France and other favored nations. property of Southerners on board English vessels is now exempt from seizure. may prove exceedingly convenient to us next winter, when we want to bring the new cotton crop to Liverpool. Of course, if an effective blockade is maintained at all the Southern ports, we cannot break it without exposing our vessels to a risk of seizure; but it is very far from certain that in winter time the navy of the United States can maintain any thing like an effective blockade along the vast line of the seaboard of the Gulf States, and at all the ports where cotton can be shipped. A few cruisers stationed judiciously might easily intercept our vessels after the cotton was on board, and seize it on the ground that it was enemy's property; nor would it be safe to rely on the transmutation of property effected by purchase and to claim the cotton as our own because we had paid for it. Any one acquainted with the decisions of Lord Stowell will remember the endless subtleties by which the continuing interest of an enemy can be tracked through the cover of a purchase. From all these perplexities Mr. Seward has now set So long as we do not carry contraus free. band of war, and so long as we do not break an effective blockade, we can bring as much cotton and take as many English goods from and to the South as the keenest trader can desire.

much at liberty to send out privateers as if It is not of much importance at present the despatch had never been written, it does that the North has consented finally to aban-

don the practice of sending out privateers; but if we look to the future, it is not without considerable satisfaction that we contemplate this change in the maritime code of the United States. We are not inclined to pay much attention to the language of hotheaded and rash men in a moment of excitement, but the Americans deal so very plentifully in threats of war with England that we are forced to reflect how we should stand if so deplorable a contest were ever forced on us. Mr. Clay has informed us that, if we do not sympathize with the North as much as we ought, the States and France will grind us to powder; and apparently the more advanced politicians beyond the Atlantic are ready to go to war not only with England, but also with France, for daring to recognize

the Southern Confederation as a belligerent. If war should ever come, we are very glad to think that we need now have no fears of American privateers. It is comforting to be assured that the timber vessels of Canada and the fishing boats of Newfoundland, as well as the countless ships that carry English commerce over the globe, can only be seized in an American war by vessels of the regular navy. We flatter ourselves that we could find that navy sufficient occupation to withdraw its attention from our commerce. Mr. Seward has, in fact, made us an offer which happens to be purely gratuitous, of a great immediate and a great remote advantage. If the Americans think this is a master-stroke of policy, it certainly is not for us to presume to differ from them.

Aw'm a weyver ya knaw, an awf deead,
So aw du all at iver aw can
Ta pr.t away aat o' my heead
The thowts an the aims of a man!
Eight shillin a wick's whot aw arn,
When aw've varry gooid wark an full time,
And aw think it a sorry consarn
Fur a hearty young chap in his prime!

But ar maister says things is as well
As they hae been, mrivir can be;
An aw happen sud think soa mysel,
If he'd nobud swop places wi me;
But he's welcome ta all he can get,
Aw begrudge him o' noan o' his brass,
An aw'm nowt bud a madlin ta fret,
Ur ta dream o' yond bewtiful lass!

Aw niver can call her my wife,
My love aw sal niver mak knawn,
Yit the sorra that darkens hur life
Thraws a shadda across o' my awn;
An aw'm suar when hur heart is at eeas,
Thare is sunshine an singin i' mine,
An misfortunes may come as they pleeas,
Bud they nivir can mak ma repine.

An aw said as aw thowt of her een, Each breeter fur't tear at wur in't; It's a sin ta be nivir furgeen Ta yoke her ta famine an stint; So aw'l e'en travel forrud thru life, Like a man thru a desert unknawn, Aw mun ne'er have a hoam an a wife, Bud my sorras will all be my awn! Son aw' trudge on aloan as aw owt,
An whativir my troubles may be,
They'll be sweetened, my lass, wi' the thowt
That aw've nivir browt trouble ta thee;
Yit a bird hes its young uns ta guard,
A wild beast, a mate in his den;
An aw cannot but think that it's hard—
Nay, deng it, aw'm roarin agen!
—Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire.

HEPWORTH DIXON has again entered the list, to defend the character of Lord Bacon. At a late meeting of the Society of Antiquarians he read a paper on Bacon's "Confession." His points were that the only important witness against him was himself, that there never was any trial, only an inquiry, no testimony under oath, and the accused was not present in person or by counsel. The decision of the House of Lords was subsequently set aside, he never had to pay a penny of the fine and he again sat in Parliament. The confession obtained from him was made at an unjust request of the king for private reasons of his own, and Bacon always said that he thanked God he had "a clean heart and clean hands." His after life was more honored than its first portions.

THE Tuscan Monitore announces that the emperor of the French has sent the public library of Grosseto, which has just been opened, a copy of his works elegantly and richly bound.

THE expense of graduating at Oxford is ordinarily about \$5,000.

From The National Intelligencer, 7 June. SECESSIONISTS IN 1799.

LETTER FROM JUDGE MARSHALL.

THE subjoined letter to General Washington by John Marshall, has been obligingly communicated to us by a friend who has the original in his possession. It is now published for the first time, and the reader will not be slow to perceive wherein its sentiments seem to be not inapplicable to certain proceedings which at the present day fill so conspicuous a place in the public eye.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM JUDGE MAR-SHALL TO GENERAL WASHINGTON, DATED

" Richmond, January 8, 1799.

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for the charge of Judge Addison. It is certainly well written, and I wish that it, as well as some other publications on the same subject, could be more generally used. I believe that no argument can moderate the leaders of the opposition, but it may be possible to make some impression on the mass of the people. For this purpose the charge of Judge Addi-

son seems well calculated.

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"However I may regret the passage of one of the acts complained of, I am firmly persuaded that the tempest has not been raised by them. Its cause lies much deeper, and is not easily to be removed. Had they never passed, other measures would have been selected which would have been attacked with equal virulence. The misfortune is, that an act operating on the press in any manner affords to its opposers arguments which so captivate the public ear, which so mislead the public mind, that the efforts of reason to correct false impressions

will often fail of success. "Two very interesting subjects have during the present session, particularly engaged the attention of the Legislature. The first was a paper introduced by Colonel Taylor, of Caroline, and which you must have seen, containing resolutions which take advantage of the irritation excited by the alien and sedition laws to criminate the whole conduct of our administration, and charge it with the design of introducing monarchy; the other was a proposition from Mr. George K. Taylor, of Prince George, expressive of sentiments similar to those which have been declared by other legislatures of the Union on our controversy with France, in the place of which was substituted, by a majority of twenty-nine, a counter proposition termed an amendment, which was offered by Colonel Nicholas, of Albemarle, and which seems

monizing with the American Government or her sister states.

"The debates on these subjects were long and animated. In the course of them sentiments were declared and (in my judgment) views were developed of a very serious and alarming extent. To me it seems that there are men who will hold power by any means rather than not hold it, and who would prefer a dissolution of the Union to the continuance of an administration not of their own party. They will risk all the ills which may result from the most dangerous experiments rather than permit that happiness to be enjoyed which is dispensed by other hands than their own. It is more than ever essential to make great exertions at the next election, and I am persuaded that by making them we obtain a legislature, if not Federal, so divided as to be moderate.

"I feel with increased force the obligations of duty to make sacrifices and exertions for the preservation of American union and independence, as I am more convinced of the reality of the danger which threatens

thom

"With the most respectful attachment, I remain, sir, your obedient,

"J. MARSHALL."

[That Virginia should be desolated by allowing herself to be made the battle-ground of the rebellion, has been matter of grief and surprise to Northern men. But it is clear that in that Ancient Dominion the seeds of this horrible conspiracy were first planted. We may as well look the matter full in the face, and no longer give undeserved credit to Jefferson on account of his anti-slavery utternaces. The Virginia politicians, with him at their head, were not able to bear the success of the Federal party in the election of John Adams. Jefferson was not friendly to the Constitution from the beginning. He looked at it as the work of the influence of Washington. To conciliate him and his friends, he was promoted to high office in the administration; and made treacherous use of the power thus magnanimously placed in his hands. Read on this subject, the letters of Gouverneur Morris, and the Life and Writings of John Jay, by his son William. This last book we commend to the perusal of every one who desires to understand American history, and whose heart can be warmed and strengthened by contact with a great and good man—the only man in whom Washington placed unlimited confidence.

Having occasion lately to write to a Virginia gentleman, of the honored old school, who has for about forty years sent us an annual letter, we said that he would be able to judge of our political feelings in many respects, by one part of Our

CREED, as follows:-

I believe that Satan begat Jefferson; and Jefferson begat Calhoun; and Calhoun begat Jefferson Davis.

Alcholas, of Albemarle, and which seems | The old gentleman, in a tremulous hand, answered: calculated to evince to France and to the "I agree in the main with the genealogical table world that Virginia is very far from har- you have sent me."—Living Age.]

From The Examiner, 8 June.
THE DEATH OF COUNT CAVOUR.

COUNT CAVOUR'S death was expected painfully by every English physician who read and believed,—as we fear it is to be believed, -that, being an overworked man ill of typhoid fever, he had been condemned to six full bleedings within a week. Perhaps there is not an educated physician in England who would not have recoiled with dread from the prescription of a single bleeding. The San-grado superstition still holds by Italian physic, and we cannot more emphatically express English scientific opinion upon what is known of Count Cavour's last illness, than in saying that he died because there are Italian physicians as deficient in their art, as Lord Bath showed himself on Thursday evening, and the O'Donoghue last night, to be wanting in a sense of decency. Before night had closed on the death chamber of the statesman upon the flittings of whose breath all Italy yesterday had hung with a silent dread, the Marquis of Bath cared so little for his own reputation, as to break into the generous regrets of the English House of Lords with unbecoming utterance of an opinion, that the man whose loss upon that day his country mourned, had "violated every law, human and divine." As for the O'Donoghue last night, who did not hesitate to tell the House of Commons that he saw in the death of the pope's antagonist "the finger of God," his papal howl met instantly with the indignant censure its brutality deserved.

There are few statesmen of the day, there have been few in the whole range of history, whose death could have caused a regret so general or so profound as that of Count Cavour. Endowed with many gifts, not frequently combined in any man, he was the centre of the hopes and fears, the attachments and antipathies, of opposite parties in the newly emancipated realm of which he was in every sense the first minister. diplomacy and in debate, as an inventive financier, and as an indefatigable chief of the department of the interior, he was confessedly without an equal among his bureaucratic competitors. Flexible in the working out of an inflexible design, there was in him a strength of will as to specific measures and particular men, that in the council chamber gave him the strength of a despot. But he had learnt in England to value the essentials of freedom, and even before the outbreak of 1848, as one of the aristocratic editors of the Risorgimento, he showed the soul that was in him as it remained in him to the last. And it was in the arms of an Englishman-Sir James Hudson-that we are told he died. The bitterest censors of the lost statesman never denied that his pol-

icy whencesoever derived was comprehensive, far-sighted, and venturous. It may be that he relied upon himself too much, and upon the people whom he nobly served too little, and that in the daring game of national independence which he undertook to play for the love of his country and his king, he preferred dissimulation and craft to the development of popular resources; and the perilous aid of a foreign ally to trusting the people generally with arms. But even in this—the greatest error of his life—we see the superb courage of the man, who from the memorable tête-à-tête at Plombières to the last hour of his life, feared not in the face of Italy and of Europe, to wrestle in his own way for the independence of Italy with one who was perhaps a match for him in subtlety and resource, and who had at his command physical power that could turn the scale at any moment against the desires, of Italy. Outwitted and overthrown in 1859, he was nevertheless eager in 1860 to try his hand once more with the same antagonist For the sake of his irresistible aid he felt himself compelled to forgive and forget the breach of contract on the part of France which has left Venice still in chains. Thenceforth, however, it became his turn to win; and the manner in which he planned, and greatly contributed to secure the peaceful annexation of Tuscany, Parma, and the Ro-magna, in defiance of intrigues and threats of the Tuileries, may upon the whole be considered as the greatest service rendered by him to his country.

But Italy is not lost, though Cavour is He died with his mind bent on Rome as the Italian capital. His very last words in the Senate were of full and noble sympathy with Venice, and of assurance that no power on earth could make Austrians fit to rule over Italians, or Italians capable of any real submission to the Austrian. Not many weeks ago a phrase of quick natural wrath, caused by the ill-advised words of Garibaldi in the Chambers, had been followed by a generous reconciliation. In this, if there ever was on Garibaldi's side a reservation, no reservation is now left. The impulsive and the calculating patriot are now in union, for of all men Garibaldi would be with the first to put aside what discontent he had felt with the living, and think nobly of the dead. The name of Cavour is, for the well-being of Italy, henceforth parted from all factious cries, and stands as the reminder of success attained by self-restraint and by a self-sacrifice that may hereafter be proved worthy of honor, even where it brought in its day a blot upon the statesman's fame.

But Cavour, as we have said, was not the sole prop of Italy. He did not make her

what she could not have made herself; and | are left thousands of vigorous and upright do it because he was not himself an Italian His inspiration was from England, and the man of the continent most like an Englishman in public character is an Italian. It needed but a moderation of the fervor of the South to set Italians stoutly and safely to the doing of English work as only (if we do not claim too much honor in saying so) the English people could have done it. In the great Italian revolution nothing has shown so nobly as the restraint of temper; and for that, as Italy gratefully knows, an everlasting debt is due to the memory of Count Cavonr. His counsel, too, has not been lost on a brave, earnest, and There has been wisquick-witted people. dom as well as enthusiasm in the speech of nearly all the leaders in Italian discussion. Not only was the policy of Count Cavour defined by himself clearly to his countrymen as regards both Rome and Venice, but there

men determined to pursue it with a unanimity that can be only strengthened by the statesman's death. It is the best praise of Cavour that the enemies of Italy will be encouraged by his death, and hope to gain their ends more easily than heretofore. But they will be disappointed. Men whose determination is great, and in whose public virtue the whole people trust, will walk with less dissension and with equal constancy to the appointed end. If they are not so subtle, not so quick to baffle adverse diplomacy as the great leader whose loss they deplore, it is to be remembered that their cause has in a great measure passed out of the domain of inventive diplomacy, that already, though he is now dead in the prime of life and in mid-career, the statesman of the Italian Revolution has prepared the way for the first ministers of the Italian Kingdom.

THE BONES OF WASHINGTON.

A YEAR ago, and by the maples brown, O'erhanging swift Potomae's broadened wave, Bareheaded stood the heir of England's crown, By the poor stone that shuts an ill-kept grave,

Giving meet reverence to the dead that lay Beneath the stripes and stars carved on that

stone Which nothing of inscription doth display To mar the majesty that broods upon The ten plain letters spelling WASHING-

England's crown-prince at this arch-rebel's tomb,

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First Magistrate twice-chosen of the States That rose impatient for more elbow-room, And flung the English crown out of their

The contrast of those times and these so shows In this respect of Prince for President,

That e'en the trite prize-poem-maker flows, Into some lines of grave and deep intent, Describing that young head in solemn reverence bent.

Passed there a stir from wasting bone to bone, Ran there a thrill through the great chief's gray dust,

That the old king's great-grandson by his stone, Should bow the head, owning him great and

Hovered his placid spirit near and blest That latest victory of truth o'er time, When discords, slow but sure resolved, attest The high and holy harmonies which chime Their broader music through the spheres sub-

Or was there foresight of the woe to be Before the lapse of twelve months and a day? Was that great spirit prescient to see,

The stripes and stars torn from that flag away?

To know the work that he had lived to do, And saw and said, was good, before he died, Undone-his glorious Union cleft in two,

And cleaving more and more on every side, Till none can say how far the fragments may divide.

Saw he the day that we see with amaze, When those to whom his life from youth he gave-

His own Virginians, his dust should raise, Out of the shelter of that sacred grave; Regardless of the curse that lies on those

Whose hands disturb even the common dead ! Brothers, from brothers bearing, as from foes, His bones that oft their sires to battle led,

Who now draw impious swords, near his dishonored bed?

-Punch.

FIFTEEN hundred acres have been planted with cotton in Jamaica as an experiment.

From The Spectator, 8 June. THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

NINE years and a half have elapsed since the day of the coup d'Etat, and during that period Louis Napoleon has been absolute sovereign of France. Not one party has entered the lists against him with even temporary success, not one émeute has called for a force more than adequate to crush a Abroad he has been able to dictate the policy of Europe; to carry three wars to a successful termination, to revive a nationality weighed down for ages, and to add to France two provinces which Louis XVI. could not retain. At home he had power to make and modify constitutions, to unchain all pens, and regulate all tongues, to exile all foes, and imprison all "suspects," to silence alike the tribune and the bar, to fetter a capital which in sixteen years has overthrown two strong dynasties, and to make the departments as obedient as the prefects who direct them. Paris has been tranquil, Lyons submissive, and Marseilles content. Even French wit seems to have turned courtier, and the master of thirty legions escapes the satire their bayonets could not avert from Louis Philippe. Yet it is strange, to himself perhaps melancholy, to note how little, amidst all his triumphs, Napoleon has been able to found. France has not an ally, except in the nationalities, who, as they rise, shake off the hand that lifts them to their feet. At home, not one great institution owes its origin to Napoleon. With the exception of an approach to free trade, only sullenly endured, he has not been able to give currency to a single great idea. The law of inheritance, which the emperor dislikes, remains to pauperize France; the centralization he denounces has been intensified till mayors of the Basses Pyrénées spit by permission of the Ministry of the Interior. Of the poor law, so often promised, there is not a vestige, nor one of the system often threatened, to encourage small agriculturists oppressed by debts. The Church has been dandled into obesity but not fostered into strength; the new aristocracy petted, but not made an "institu-Even the Bonapartists have not been raised from a faction into an opinion. The unhesitating devotion of treasure has, it is true, improved the army and developed the fleet; but the soldiers of Magenta are not better than the men of Austerlitz. The navy has been doubled, while the commercial marine has declined. France has no better military system, improved finance, developed agriculture, or simplified admin-

and another explain his thoughts, is better fitted to Japan than an executive in Europe. The emperor has indeed been strong to destroy, to repress thought and limit originality, to drive independence from the capital, and self-reliance from the departments. But

he has founded nothing.

Least of all has he founded his own dy-The nation, though acquiescent in him, looks with no favor upon his. Nobody believes that, were he to die to-morrow, his son could succeed without a struggle. France, without an enmity against the Prince Imperial, wants him no more than it wants anybody else. The family, as such, has taken no root. Not one of its members possesses a strength not derived from his own favor. Even Prince Jerome, strangely able man as impartial observers must admit him to be, has acquired no hold upon the people of France. The Republicans bear with him as an ally, but will never take him for a chief. The empress is not a Bonaparte, and if personally loved, is not politically an object of hope or speculation. The child of France, as his father proudly named him, may be a true Bonaparte - display, that is, the union of Jacobin audacity and administrative power; and if he is, his career may yet be over thrones. But, at present, France considers him only the son of his father, a child to be honored with every respect save that which springs of loyalty. The charm of the name Napoleon has not indeed passed, and may again, at intervals, make and remake the fortunes of the House, but this charm the emperor inherited and did not found.

Indeed, he has not founded yet a personal rone. We have called him absolute sovthrone. ereign of France, but it is by a complimentary abuse of words. He is only its absolute dictator. In these nine years of success his authority has attained no consolidation. none of that capacity for rest which is the first evidence of matured strength. An emperor of Austria, or a king of Holland, rules, even when not interfering. Louis Napoleon only reigns while his power is actively engaged, while busily pressing the balance down to the side which he approves. The empire, whatever it be, is not repose. The emperor is always checking this party, or restraining that; making a concession to one opinion, or warning another that it may become "an outrage on the laws." He has still, as it were, to contend, to watch his steps, to observe parties, not as a spectator observes them, but as a minister watches them, to be chief detective as well as ruler, Napoleon has not even recon- soldier of politics rather than sovereign of structed the central bureaus, for the absurd men. To reverse M. Thiers' famous apophscheme which makes one minister think, thegm, the king governs but does not reign; or, to employ a simile all Englishmen will scandals are selected for prosecution. The understand, the emperor is still horsebreaker, not coachman; has still to teach restive steeds, rather than to drive; still to keep his reins savagely taut, and still, unfortunately, to display the whip in a style the thoroughbred teamsters have disused.

This restlessness of authority, this eternal shaking of the reins and bracing of the nerves for strife, has been painfully evident of late. To English eyes it would seem that the power of the emperor, while still in health and life, is far beyond any necessity for assertion. There are parties, it is true, in France as there are parties in England, but however envenomed, they seem in this country to lack the physical force which can alone make parties dangerous to a state. The parti prêtre is noisy, but there are railways in La Vendée, and the cry of the clericals is the last to which fighting France responds. We hear much of Legitimates, but what force could the Faubourg St. Germain mus-ter even for the streets. The Orleanists excite terror, but the Orleanists are as yet the Peelites of French politics, a party of leaders without a following, officers without an army, representatives without a party, chiefs who, if obeyed at all, are so by men invisible to strangers. The Reds are always strong, but it is difficult to Englishmen even to imagine that the Reds can move against the mighty armies which lie coiled up in and around the centres of their power, and which, as against them, appear absolutely reliable. Yet this is evidently not the view the emperor, always the best authority on France, takes of his own position. No one in England sees the signs of restiveness but his feet are once more pressed upon the splashboard, the reins once more tightened with a determined hand. There is the careful give and take of the driver who does not want the struggle for which he is yet prepared. priests are sternly bidden to preach Christ instead of a crusade. A foreign priest found agitating is driven out. Others are summoned to explain talk about Pilate. All are warned that the penal code recognizes agitation from the pulpit as a crime. And then as the "fama" against the orders become strong, the laity are ordered moderation, printers who print remarks on clerical

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pingn; strictest watch is kept over Orleanists, a watch supposed to extend even to the post, while the habitual espionage on the Reds becomes active persecution. The well-known precursors of severity, stories of extreme distress in Paris, of agitation in low regions, of jewels sent to England for security against troubles, begin again to circulate. Statements are made of discontents in the south, of priests watched by gardes champetres, of secret societies scarcely mentioned for nearly a decade. The emperor, in fact, is again at the wheel, and obviously with unbroken strength, but then that is not the place where a captain who can depend upon his

crew ought to be.

We are not writing of these phenomena as an intellectual amusement. The imperial restlessness is real, and is matter of no slight moment for Europe. The notion that an emperor ruling by a great army must find that army occupation is not, perhaps, absolutely sound. An army of conscripts ruled by officers already great in the state is not so zealous for hardship as some military men believe. But it is undoubtedly true that in France victory abroad calms down all agita-tion at home. With France in the field, even republicans will not descend into the streets. Red leaders guaranteed Paris to the enemy of Austria. The throne which has not founded itself on institutions may found itself more easily on conquest. There is every temptation to a Napoleon to try the second alternative, to see whether the object of the treaties of 1815 may not be nullified as well as their provisions. It is not for England that we fear. England has no provinces to add to France, and the great fleet now building may be required to avert her interference, rather than to facilitate an attack. But there are territories temptingly near, for which the emperor has already commenced to intrigue. With Paris restless and the South discontent, trade declining in the large cities, and a bad harvest to work through, with all the powers of Government strained to the utmost, and the old parties re-appearing, if not in reality then in imperial imagination, the powers which tempt France do well to vote budgets intended for military reform.

THE Ocean of Brest states that, through the intervention of Count de Chasseloup-Laubat, a special commission has just been formed in Paris to examine the question of forming ports of ref-uge along the whole extent of the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

Messrs. Blackwood & Son will this day publish "The Royal Atlas of Modern Geography," by Alexander Keith Johnson, another of the "Physical Atlas," in a series of entirely original authentic maps, with a special index to

SEVERED.

WEARY is the life I lead,
Beating air with vain endeavor;
Love is left to weep, to bleed;
Those dear eyes are closed forever;
Closed forever and forever!
Not again shall I behold thee,
Not again these arms enfold thee!
Thou art gone forever!

Nothing now is left for mirth;
All my dreams were false and hollow,
Thou, alas! hast left the earth;
May it soon be mine to follow!
Mine to pass the veil and follow!
s of olden hours shall meet me,
of olden love shall greet me,
an the day I follow.

-Blackwood's Magazine.

LOOK UPON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BUT not to times, to seasons, or to places
Will we be bound; or unto nature's order
In this the singing of our Cottage Carols.
Indeed why should we? Is not January
Sometimes as warm as Spring; and is not Spring
Not seldom cold as Christmas? So no binding,
As one is bound who hath his speech prepared—
Prepared by some one elsc—and must speak
that,

Or else sit down, look foolish, and be dumb: No-we will on, turn back, go up or down Through time as well as space; and therefore

Departing from the summer morning hills, We to the early days of Spring return— Where—List! a song,—

The Sunny Side the Way.

Coldly comes the March wind—Coldly from the north—Yet the cottage little ones Gayly venture forth:

Free from cloud the firmament,
Free from sorrow they,
The playful children choosing
The sunny side the way.

Sadly sighs the North wind Naked boughs among, Like a tale of mournfulness Told in mournful song! But the merry little ones, Happy things are they, Singing like the lark, on The sunny side the way.

There the silvery snowdrop—
Daffodils like gold—
Primroses and crocuses
Cheerfally unfold:
Poor? those cottage little ones?
Poor! no—rich are they,
With their shining treasures on
The sunny side the way.

Coldly oft, the winds blow
On the way of life,
Spreading in the wilderness,
Care, and pain, and strife;
Yet the heart may shelter have,
Cold though be the day,
Choosing like the little ones,
The sunny side the way.

-Cottage Carols, and other Poems, by John Swain,

PONTIFF AND PRINCE.

THE Pope can never go astray In morals or in faith, they say; His word as Gospel men may take; 'Tis always right, and no mistake.

By grace divine from error, sure As eggs are eggs, is he secure; His Bulls, from blunders wholly free, Bespeak Infallibility.

Far clearer than the lynx, he sees Right through the cloudiest mysteries; And all conceptions of his pate Are, in so far, immaculate.

But though he is so wondrous wise In all that Reason can't comprise, His Holiness is grossly dense And purblind as to Common Sense.

Grant that he could pronounce a Saint Originally free from taint, And can as certainly decide This soul or that beatified:

However, he could not predict That Lamoricière 'd be licked, And faithful blood be shed in vain His earthly kingdom to maintain.

The wearer of the Triple Hat, In dogma safe, should stick to that; In State affairs too near a fool, Should abdicate his mundane rule.

By all means let him, if he please, Retain the Apostolic Keys, Only the Royal power forego To lock up sinners here below.

Oh! would he but contented be With spiritual sovereignty, In peace he would possess his own, Nor want Zouaves to guard his throne.

Come, Pius, do the proper thing, Stand forth all Bishop; sink the King. Send your French janizaries home: And yield to Cæsar Cæsar's Rome.